Air Raids. Free Insurance Against All Risks. See page 23.

JOHN BULL

VOL XX. No. 549. | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

148036

For meaning of this number see p. 28.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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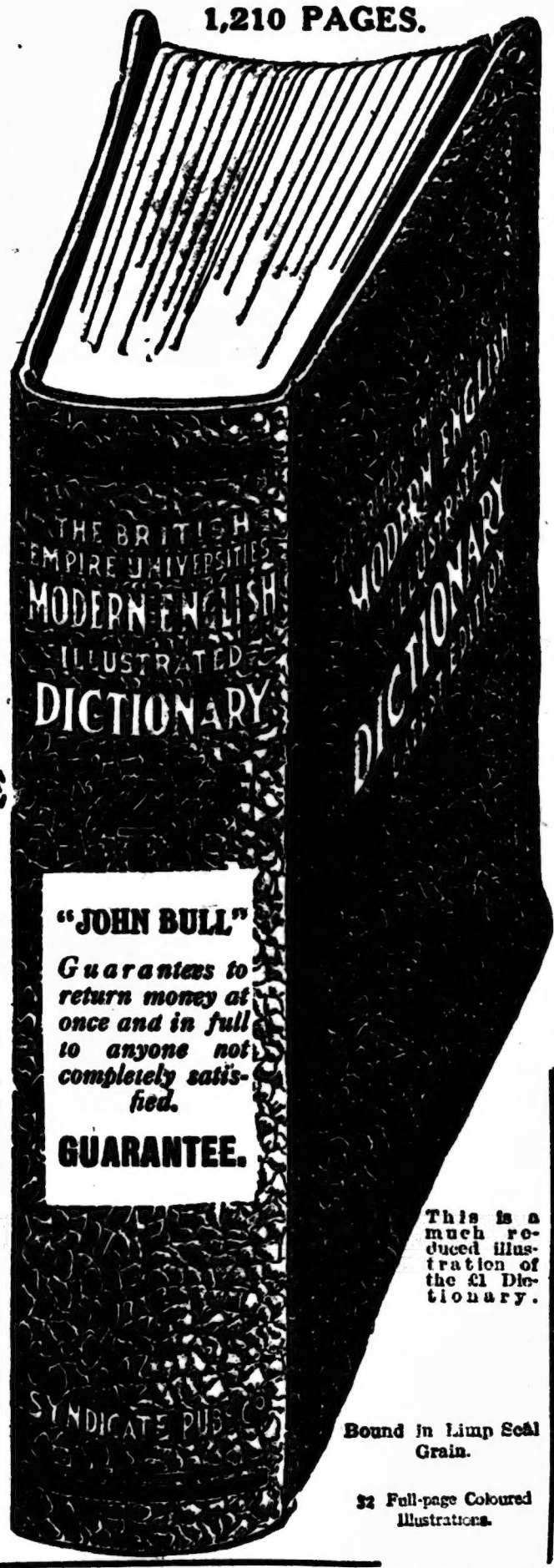

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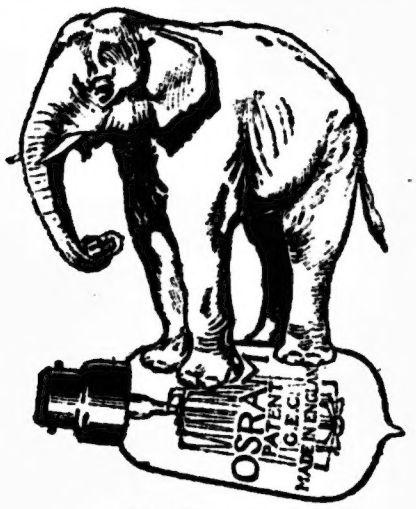

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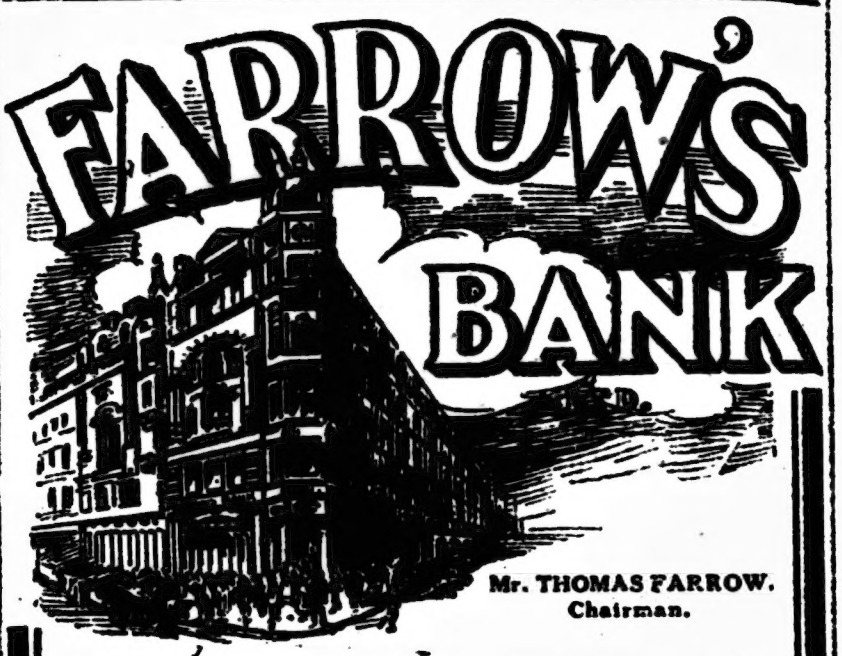

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Vol. XX. No. 549. Week ending Saturday, December 9th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Another Cabinet Crisis.

As we go to press, the political atmosphere is dense with rumour, and the papers are shouting themselves hoarse with the "Latest Developments in the Cabinet Crisis!" Personally, the whole thing leaves us quite cold. Whether Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George is Prime Minister makes not a scrap of difference, providing the job of finishing the war be left to the soldiers and the sailors. What we want is a War Council of three, consisting of whoever is Prime Minister, the War Secretary and the First Lord of the Admiralty, with Sir William Robertson and Admiral Jellicoe as *ex-officio* members—and with power to act without consulting anybody. *That* is the way to win the war!

Those Raids.

Is it true that in connection with the recent Channel raids certain persons have been punished for being off duty on each occasion?

Shelving Soldiers' Votes.

That's what it means. The Government have dropped their Special Register Bill, and Tommy and Jack can whistle for their votes.

Hiding the Truth.

The Press Bureau permits the publication of the weekly losses from submarines, but refuses to allow the papers to print the monthly totals! Do they think that the Germans and Neutrals can't add up?

Cold Comfort.

Sir William Robertson, at the unveiling of a War Cross at Bradfield College: "He thought we might look forward to the future with complete confidence, *subject to the condition that we did the right thing and that we did it in time.*"

Danger Ahead.

From the *North Leeds News:* "There is a danger, unfortunately, of the country paying too much heed to the pernicious utterances of the Northcliffe and Bottomley press. ..... It would be a sorry day for England if ever Northcliffe or Bottomley is regarded as Adviser-in-Chief to His Majesty's Government." It would be a sorrier day for the Government.

Winston, Beware!

Has Mr. Churchill considered the risk he is running in writing the thrilling story of Antwerp? What about the Defence of the Realm Regulations anent disclosing the proceedings of Cabinet Meetings? It would be very amusing to see "F. E." prosecuting his old friend, and Sir Edward Carson defending him.

Those Foreign Princes.

Hurry up, Mr. Asquith, with that Bill—or *your* chance may disappear.

Lord Kitchener.

Amongst the most convinced believers in the theory that Lord Kitchener is still alive is Miss Marie Corelli. What a wonderful novel she could write, taking the hypothesis for her plot!

"Bullets" Christmas-Box.

This is the last week of our world's record "Bullets" Christmas offer. Send in now or you will be too late to secure one of these 12,000 Christmas Prizes.

Combing Out the Police.

With a view to liberating a large number of young men who have joined the Police since August, 1914, and who are known as "War Babies," why not call back all members of the Force who have been pensioned off, say, during the last five years?

From Harry Tate.

It will be remembered that last week, with apologies, our cartoonist adapted Tate's famous motor scene, and this is the message we got: "Why apologise? No apology necessary, since you have made me Prime Minister. Many thanks. Will do my best for the Empire to-day." Harry has a pretty wit.

Cinema Secrets.

According to *Punch*, every successful cinema show must contain at least one reference to Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, the Premier (with "Wait and see" always worked in), the *Daily Mail* and JOHN BULL. War, like adversity, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows!

A Dying School.

There has just passed away one of the few remaining members of the old Free Thought School, Mr W. J. Ramsay, who went to prison with the late Mr. Foote, 35 years ago, for alleged "blasphemy." What a change the war has wrought in the religious life of the nation! Bishops and National Missions apart there can be no question that the days of militant materialism are dead and gone for ever.

"Some" Xmas Number.

We have no extra Christmas Number of our own this year, but you need not be disappointed. Just get the *Passing Show* Xmas Issue. How this bright and merry little paper has caught on!

Be sure to sign our Free Air Raid Insurance Coupon on page 23.

The Teddington Indispensables.

How many of the young fellows sheltering 'neath the roof of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington are indispensable; how many of them who attested and took the 2s. 9d. have joined the colours; how many have been badged there since the Military Service Act, who were not engaged there previously? These are questions asked us by a resident of Teddington. We cannot answer them. Perhaps the Man-Power Board will oblige.

Zepp Strafing.

What we like about the latest superb bit of British Zepp. strafing is the evidence it supplies that the coast strafers are as keen, as competent, and as equipped for their job as the airmen and gunners of the Metropolitan area. Without a doubt, the aerial service in this country has vastly improved, and is still improving. The Kaiser cannot afford to go on losing Zepps. at the rate he has been losing them over here during the last eight weeks; even baby killing isn't an amusing enough entertainment at such a cost.

The Speed of Taxis.

This is to suggest to the Chief Commissioner of Police that in the existing darkness of London, it is about time he put the big brake on some or most of the taxis, motor-cars, and motor-'buses which career about the streets. Their driving is like unto that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi—only more so. It is not only furious, but it is dangerous. That it is indicative of a high talent and a tremendous trust in Providence may be admitted, but it is difficult for pedestrians, especially if they are getting on in years, to be nimble on an earth where you hardly see enough of the scheme of things to follow your own nose. If drivers won't slow of their own accord, the Chief Commissioner ought to fix a speed limit at dusk.

A Stingy Salary.

Any disabled soldier resident in Belfast is offered a seat in the lap of luxury by an advertisement in a local newspaper. "Disabled Soldier Wanted for Large Offices," it announces; "Duties—To dust and clean Offices, copy and deliver letters, etc., and make himself generally useful." What quantity of labour is covered by that "etc." and the stipulation about being "generally useful," we know not; probably plenty. Anyway, the emolument is scarcely proportionate, for it is:—"Wages, 15s. per week." The advertising firm hides its generosity under a box number, so we regret we cannot give its noble name. But we note that any applicant must state his "religion." A man condemned to live on 15s. a week certainly needs plenty of religion to comfort himself with.

Asking for It.

The War Office ought to know whence to get recruits, but a gentle hint or two might not be unwelcome. There are the big Insurance Companies, for instance, whether for life, fire, or accident, still shielding plenty of eligibles. They are able to do this because the head office is automatically granted a large number of exemptions, and these are parcelled out among the branch offices in London and the provinces, just as the directors please. They retain many young men who could be spared, for few even of the inspectors are now doing outside business; they are just occupying desks that older men could fill. And we are told of a big printing firm, doing contract work for Government, where 200 men or more are badged. About three-quarters of them are on Government work sometimes for two hours a week, sometimes not at all. Being badged, they are refused permission to join up, even if they would. They are asking for that comb.

Our Christmas Gift.

The announcement of our Christmas gift to readers resulted in such a deluge of orders for John Bull Pens, on the extraordinarily advantageous terms offered, that for some days there were unavoidable delays in despatching them. These difficulties have, however, been overcome, and any reader who complies with the conditions may rely upon prompt delivery—the extra work being more than compensated by the recipients' appreciation.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Here are one or two little points that come home to the worker, but about which the dragooners do not seem to worry one tiny bit. They are put by a reader, who insists: "What with shops being closed, the poor people coming home from work cannot buy food. Also, on Thursday, cannot get milk for an invalid. And it seems cruel that a man, compelled to give up a good situation and forced to join the Army, should then have to pay his wretched insurance out of the paltry Army pay." All very true, and put in a style pat and pertinent.

A Gross Libel.

The bad example of the Bishop of London and other censorious ecclesiastics seems to have corrupted the good manners of our esteemed overseas contemporary, the *Toronto Globe*, and in a recent issue of this widely-circulated Canadian journal prominence is given to a most unfair and unmannerly attack upon the morals of the Motherland. With a painful shock we read that British soldiers are fighting for a nation, that "at home is half-drunken, saddled by distillery interests and guided by a lot of tippling ecclesiastics not loyal enough to follow their King's example." Just fancy—"Tippling ecclesiastics!" The Bishop's random charges are evidently coming home to roost!

The Dogs and the Man.

"In the paper to-night," writes a lady, "is a letter from that odious man, George Moore, urging the destruction of dogs." Whether said man is *the* George Moore we know not. Anyhow, we don't mind saying here and now that, knowing what we do of this world, we prefer most dogs to some men. George Moore is evidently a crank on dog-killing. In days gone by it is probable that some dog or other has eaten a slice of his trousers—and we don't wonder, for you can always trust a self-respecting dog to know what to chew up and what to wag his tail about. What's this George Moore love in the shape of creatures other than himself? Does he collect worms or blackbeetles or white mice? We would advise the Home Secretary to pause for reflection before, as he apparently contemplates, "reducing the number" of man's canine companion in some fashion not yet announced "before the new licences are issued."

A Male Nurse and Another.

The Tribunal at Martley, in Worcestershire, offers just one more study in contradictions. A crippled gentleman, for whose affliction we are sorry, asked for the exemption of his male nurse, aged 31, on the plea that nobody else could move him so gently, and that it was "impossible" to replace the man. The plea was successful, and the male nurse stays at home. But a widow's only son, 26, whose mother suffers from fits, for which he has nursed her since his tenth year, was taken. He also has an uncle, a chronic invalid, to whom he attends. When that was mentioned, the Chairman remarked, "An uncle's getting a long way." That is true—but the widowed mother was, surely, quite close, and it seems hard that she must lose her only son, who manages her in her affliction, while the cripple may keep his male nurse. You see, he might get another nurse; the poor widowed mother has no such alternative.

An ideal Christmas Present—the "John Bull" Pen. See page 28.

The London Fire Brigade.

Numbers of London firemen, who were also Reservists were called up in 1914, and have since been fighting on sea or land. Some are over 50, many are fathers, and they feel it acutely when, on getting a few days' leave from ship or trench, they come home to find their places in the Fire Brigade have been filled by single young men, now exempt from military service. It seems radically wrong, and is certainly rough on elderly married men—while one would think that for fighting purposes the stalwart young single fellows would have been preferred. It cannot be only a question of training, because it takes as long to make a fireman as it does to make a soldier.

Where Stands the Farmer?

Isn't it about time, and past time, that the Ministry came to a thorough understanding with the British farmer? He is being messed about and kept in such a state of uncertainty that he does not know whether he is standing on his head or his feet. "Why not at once publish a maximum and minimum price for all commodities?" demands one. "At present, like the man in the song, 'I dunno where I are.'" Perhaps the much-discussed Director of Diet will be able to tell him—that is to say, supposing by any chance he turns out to be a man who knows enough about the farming problem to distinguish mangel-wurzel from a feed of thistles.

Canon Simpson on Reunion.

According to Canon Simpson, of St. Paul's, the war has made the reunion of Christians one of the foremost needs of the time. "Let us have done," he says, "with pious aspirations which bear no fruit; it is a time for deeds, not words." Doubtless Canon Simpson will do his best to help, and if one of the effects of the war is a round-table conference to settle the terms of the Millennium it will not have been fought in vain. If, however, the Canon wil make inquiries among the Churches, he will find many Anglicans who would rather get married than shake hands with a Dissenter, many a Roman Catholic who would prefer to eat meat in Lent rather than pray with a member of the Church of England, and many an Orthodox Greek who would offer his beard for a shearing rather than admit a Roman Catholic to communion. The aim of Reunion is great, and the end would be magnificent; but, with all his enthusiasm, Canon Simpson will probably find that the response to his call for deeds and not words will be the echo of his own voice.

An Ostracised Soldier-Curate.

Though some curates are "Conscientious Objectors," the Rev. W. A. Haslam, late of Long Ditton, is not one of them. On the contrary, having voluntarily offered himself for military service, he has a grievance with which most of us will sympathise. The moment it became apparent that he might be required for military duties, he was it seems asked to resign his curacy; any further services which he voluntarily offered to the parish as opportunities arose were refused; and his name, he states, "on the first opportunity, was obliterated from the annals of the parish." In short, he has been ostracised from all ecclesiastical duties, even voluntarily undertaken, for no other apparent reason than that he has become a soldier. As it seems that the rev. gentleman—who, during his five years' residence in the parish, has been generally regarded as "one of the best" and on leaving was presented with a testimonial by the Churchwardens and parishioners—had leave of the Bishop to offer his services to his country at a time when she needs all the best of us can give with all our hearts and mind and strength, it is difficult for an outsider to say with whom rests the responsibility for the present discreditable state of affairs.

H.M.S. *Hampshire*: Latest.

Inter alia, "A Woman" writes to us as follows: "It is reported the Government destroyed him (Kitchener) in the *Hampshire* because he refused to fall in with their views in the secret Conference held before he sailed; such deeds have been known in former days." We have our own ideas about the Government; we believe they are capable of some things and incapable of many things; but we cannot reconcile it with our conscience to charge them with murdering Kitchener or interfering with the weather.

Willesden Wakes Up.

After twenty-seven months of war, the Willesden Council has just awakened to the fact that all this time it has permitted Germans to continue in possession of certain allotments. Rubbing its eyes, it has realised that the land in question would be useful to British workingmen, and has given the Hun tenants notice to quit. It is almost incredible that it should take the civic fathers of Willesden over two years to appreciate the fact that the only parcel of land our enemies are entitled to in this country is six feet of earth per Hun, for burial purposes—and no flowers.

"Boy (not) Wanted."

The shortage of labour on the land does not seem to be universal. A lad of 14, who was seeking farm work, attended the Martinmas hiring fair at Ulverston, but there was not a farmer willing to engage him. This was reported to the Barrow Guardians, and two of the members, themselves being farmers, are going to accompany the lad to the next hiring fair, with the view to obtaining a situation for him. But there cannot be any serious depletion of farm labour in that quarter when a useful lad goes begging for work and two Guardians are obliged to trot him round and show his paces.

Blue or Khaki?

The Watch Committee of the Wallasey Corporation has placed on record its final conviction that it is impossible to allow any more of its policemen to join the Colours. Yet the force there contains a number of single men, and some men married not over long. One remark of the Committee is interesting:—"Some 30 time-expired men over military age have been engaged since the outbreak of war to fill the places of men who have gone, but of these only 8 remain." If 22 temporary constables have left the ranks of the local police, it may be that some of them found their lot made irksome and uncomfortable—whether intentionally or otherwise it is not for us to say, but the Watch Committee might make inquiry into these things. We do not single out Wallasey as being remarkable in retaining possible soldiers, but as an example of what exists among the police of many cities and towns.

A Sad Souvenir.

A soldier, returned wounded from the Somme, is anxious "to comfort some poor old heart" in this wise. On 25th September he was with his battalion fighting "up beyond Ginchy, towards Morval." There he saw a sergeant of the Grenadiers "shot through head clean, so must have died quick." He could not find any name on the body, which was evidently that of a worker in the medical department with the regimental doctor, "as had his stretcher-bearer badge on." On his finger was a gold ring, which our soldier friend removed—"a signet ring or seal ring," bearing a monogram, "apparently 'F. H.,' and inside 'From A. H.,' evidently the poor chap's wife, or mother, or dad." If the next-of-kin of this dead Grenadier will write to us, we will at once put him or her in communication with our correspondent, who is anxious to return this tragic souvenir of the Somme to whoever has the unchallengeable claim of love to it.

Your last chance to win £1,000. See page 36.

Pampered Prisoners.

Those sloppy humanitarians who are urging us to love our enemies will no doubt be glad to learn that every precaution has been taken for the comfort and convenience of Turkish prisoners-of-war in our hands. For example, it is stated that when a party of captured Turks were recently sent by train from Calcutta to Bombay, the bulk of them travelled in first-class and the remainder in second-class coaches—whereas, as one of our own Tommies reminds us, "iron-bar third-class boxes are considered good enough for British soldiers, with the result recently seen in the Sind troop disaster." A sickening contrast indeed!

New Boots for Old.

Army boots are strong and reliable, admittedly better made and of better material than the civilian can buy at present. They are discarded long before they are worn-out: all they need is repair. Instead of taking advantage of this, the Army scraps its old boots and puts on new ones. But some wholesale dealers, more alive to business, have contracted to acquire those old boots, evidently for a few pence apiece. They are cleansed by a special process, repaired, and retailed at big profit, for they turn out to be, in this new life of theirs, the best foot-cover a working-man can get for hard wear and to resist the wet. Why the Army could not do its own repairing, and then re-issue the goods, is one of those things that mystify sensible folk. But, perhaps, we should rejoice because they are not burned, along with the bread and the 'baccy.

Duty Its Own Reward.

The hardy fisherman put forth to sea, making for the fishing ground in hope of a good catch, for the weather seemed propitious. His eagle eye observed a bulky object floating at large between —— and ——. Making for it like a man, he found it to be a drifting mine. He boldly secured it, and towed it at great risk to —— Point, where he anchored. After letting the authorities know what was at the end of his cable, he waited for a long time, and then some Jacks came along and took charge of the fearsome thing. He had done his duty, but had also done in his day's fishing, so he was not sorry to hear that a reward awaited him on board H.M.S. ——. He was told the value of the mine was £50, and that his salvage was one whole sovereign. As he works his boat on shares—his own share being a third—he did not have much to bank. Considering what a volume of floating death and destruction he took from the fairway, he was stingily underpaid.

A Prize Worm.

A worm, who looks like a man at first sight, used to be employed by the Cambridge Co-operative Society, but he has now got into the service of local fruit-growers, to escape the Army. His name is Vernon Wilkinson, and, as a Conscientious Object, he is entitled to a first-prize putty medal all to himself. He told the Tribunal that he was digging trenches for strawberries—instead of for fighting purposes. He knew the strawberries might make jam for soliders, but he "must do as the manager told him." He could never do as the Army told him, because "he is against the Army altogether." He "loves the Germans equally as he loves the English." Germans he has never seen "he loves as well as he loves his wife"—which makes us wish his wife may be of a jealous temperament. The prize worm stated plainly that he would do nothing to help his country win the war, and he could not say whether he would prefer the English or the Germans to win. He was asked, "Will the men work with you?" and replied, "I get on very nicely with them." Then they must be of the same loathsome breed.

"Tommy" for Tommy.

The lesson that "a great army marches on its stomach" seems not yet to have been thoroughly learned in responsible quarters; and, if half we hear is true, there is something radically wrong with the messing arrangements at certain Indian stations. From one important centre we learn of breakfast for the troops consisting of "dry bread and a puffy, pallid, unsustaining quality," with the changeless accompaniment of "a repellent stew," the meat in which is picturesquely compared to "the mutilated rubbers of a catapult." This may be an extreme case, and perhaps the descriptive terms are not to be taken too literally; but we have received several complaints in a similar sense.

Shame.

"In London alone there are some 2,000 discharged soldiers wandering about from place to place, the majority of them with no means of subsistence at all—left with only the 4s. 8d. weekly pension." Thus says the Government organ, the *Daily News*! *Our* pledge to Tommy holds good, and men who are "in a position little better than tramps" must and shall be righted.

A Victory for "J.B."

In defence both of the livelihood of shopkeepers and the rights of the public, we prepared last week to contest vigorously a summons which had been issued against a woman in Barrow-in-Furness for selling a copy of this journal after 8 p.m. However, the Chief Constable did not dispute the fact that JOHN BULL is a newspaper, and thus exempted from the recent regulations as to early closing. Our readers will be glad to know that they can, therefore, obtain their favourite journal at practically any hour.

More Faked Figures.

Last week, Mr. Pretyman, in reply to Mr. Dundas White, stated that during the past year 1,750,068 tons of materials had been used in brewing and distilling, and that the rate of consumption for the present year was about one-fifth less. Teetotal fanatics are claiming this 1,400,000 tons as absolutely wasted—or worse. But it represents only 6 to 7 per cent. of the total of similar materials grown in this country or imported—whilst 400,000 tons are being used entirely to manufacture spirits for the Government for use in making explosives for the war. Nearly a million tons of brewers' and distillers' grains is provided for the farmer, who, if this supply was not available, would require a similar weight of barley or other corn. It is more than probable that the present high price of milk is to some extent due to the diminished supply of grains as a result of the Government's restriction of the output of beer.

On the Hop.

A soldier-man from Barrow-in-Furness, returning home from France and the trenches, is probably comparing some of his fellow-townsmen with the Boches, not altogether to the credit of the Barrovians. Some ladies invited him to a dance, an affair periodically promoted by a "select dancing academy." As a matter of fact, it was a sixpenny hop, and the Tommy, in khaki, with a friend out of it, duly arrived at the door. But he got no farther. The elegant—and eligible—gentlemen arranging the affair told him that the dance was a "select company," and that nobody in khaki was admitted. Soldiers, you see, are deemed too common for the sixpenny hoppers of Barrow. Or perhaps it is the khaki only that is barred as "low," for the soldier was told that if he cared to go home and get into mufti he would be allowed to join that troop of the elect and select sixpenny skippers. He, however, preferred not to insult the King's uniform by discarding it as though ashamed. So he stayed outside—in better and more decent company.

The little paper with a big reputation—"Everywoman's." Tuesdays, 1d.

Tanks in Judah.

This from the Book of Judges, 1–19: "And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." If any clergyman is in search of an apt text for Sunday wherewith to illumine the position on the Somme, here it is at his hand.

Argumentum ad Absurdum.

One of the allegations of the widely advertised Prohibition Manifesto is that "we are fighting the most efficient country with inefficiency," the implication being that we shall never be efficient until we all gather round the pump and sing the virtues of water. And all the time the "most efficient country" is bloating its unholy carcase with Rhine wine and lager beer!

"A Terrible Evil."

Another "terrible evil" is afoot; this, according to one of our readers, is the alarming increase in the nicotine craze. The pernicious pipe and the woeful woodbine are even undermining the physique and *morale* of our Army. Largely through the misguided generosity of a thoughtless public, our soldiers are developing weak heart, smoker's throat, and nervous debility! So a reader assures us. There is only one consolation in this great calamity. The boys are still healthy enough to shoot Huns.

The C.O.s.

We mean, of course, the Conscientious Objects. Here is what a wounded soldier suggests: "Why not make the whole lot of them stretcher-bearers, and so release a large number of fighters? They could hardly refuse such humane work, and I will guarantee that one hour's stretcher work will convert the most obstinate C.O. into a real blood-thirsty Hun-chaser. He will yell for a double barrelled gun with a bayonet at each end." Excellent idea—especially that double-bayoneted gun. What about when it "kicks"?

On a Good Thing.

This is a lovely war; at any rate, that is what we gather from a speech made by Mr. A. Birch, a Sefton farmer, at a farmers' meeting at Ormskirk. "If we are getting better prices to-day than in the past," he said, "it is only because prices were naturally too low. It is a very good thing for the farmers that the war happened, or I believe a good many of us would have gone to the wall." As this sentiment was received with loud applause, it is evident the war profits of the Ormskirk farmers have saved them from the workhouse. Be assured *they* do not contemplate joining anybody's Peace Society.

To the Rich, Plenty.

Even in these days of high prices and scarcity we hear of not less than 17½ cwt. of groceries being invoiced to a landowner's family. Looks as though they were anticipating a famine—or, to be charitable, providing for a village feast.

A Seasonable Issue.

The advance orders for the Christmas Number of *Everywoman's*—published December 5th—already indicate the eagerness with which Mr. Bottomley's "Christmas Message to Women" is looked forward to. Although the issue contains, in addition, many other deeply interesting articles, upon all sorts of seasonable topics, the price is merely the normal one—a penny.

Rum for Cold Feet.

A wounded soldier, in a Harrow 'bus the other day, was not communicative to his neighbour as to how he received his wounds. Most of his conversation turned on cold feet and frost-bite in the trenches, and he went on to say that his rum rations helped to prevent it, as he drank one half and poured the other into his boots. Which seems to prove that even a wise man, in opening his mouth, sometimes puts his foot in it.

The Unspeakable Hun.

It is now established beyond question that in their African campaign the Huns have been guilty of crimes as foul as any perpetrated in Belgium or Poland, and the record of these excesses is a more than sufficient answer to any who may be weak enough to contemplate the restoration of German colonies at the end of the war. As a colonising Power, the record of Germany is deeply stained with dishonour, while in defence of her ill-gotten possessions she has outraged every rule of warfare and flouted every consideration of humanity. In these circumstances, restitution is unthinkable. What we have, we must hold!

Canada in Khaki.

"Three brothers occupying good positions in Canada joined the colours as Tommies, their united ages being 148 years," says a reader. "The two younger came over early and have been in France for many months; the eldest, 54 years of age, came over with a Howitzer party, and has been over there for about six months. As was his right, he wanted to claim his younger brothers for his battery, but they refused to leave the front line, as they thought they would be more useful where they were in helping to steady the young recruits. That shows the great heart of Canada beats sound. What an example to the youngsters who slack and hide and falter!" A fine example, indeed.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"The *Deutschland* returned to New London under her own STEAM."

"WORCESTER DAILY TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Young Lady, with retail experience requires post; WILLING TO TAKE ANYTHING; GROCERY PREFERRED."

"MIDDLETON GUARDIAN":—
"A master butcher, age 32, Class A, SLAUGHTERING HIMSELF, and having no assistants, said he was married . . and had his mother to partially maintain."

"RHONDDA LEADER": (dentist's advertisement):—
"Testimonial: 'I am writing to tell you that I SHOULD NOT HAVE HAD TEETH AT ALL IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOU.'"

"EVENING PRESS" (York):—
"Shortly after the followers had got going, the HORSE ridden by the Whip, FELL DEAD, and LATER, when passing over a bridge IT GAVE WAY."

"BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Please Note that UNLESS THE PARTY who posted me the Anonymous Typewritten Letter . . . DOES NOT APOLOGISE . . . I will be reluctantly compelled to publish same letter through the Press."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT AT CENTRAL HALL, BROMLEY (advertisement):—
"Many living round this Hall kindly lend us their Bathroom for one, or two, or three nights each week. . . . It is a splendid way of helping our lads, who greatly appreciate a HOT BATH. ONE LADY IN BROMLEY HAS HAD OVER 700, AND ANOTHER OVER 350 DURING PAST TWO YEARS."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"Descriptions of the fugitives . . . Edward Hodgson, 53; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; STOUT AND ACTIVE BROWN MOUSTACHE."

"PENNY PICTORIAL":—
"She slipped her arms round his neck and LAID HIS CHEEK ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD as she stood behind his chair."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, G.C.B., First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Of the circumstances that have brought you back to Whitehall I prefer to say nothing at present; but I cannot allow the change to pass without a word of gratitude for the immense services you have rendered to the Empire while in chief command of the Grand Fleet. Whatever surprises the future may hold and whatever triumph may be achieved by your successor, nothing can rob you of your leading share in the honours won by the British Navy in the first two years of the war. For the past we thank you; and for the future, we trust you.

JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, British Grand Fleet.

DEAR SIR DAVID,—Popularity is not always the criterion of fitness for high military or naval command, but I am certain that in your case the favour of the public is a sure index to the qualities that make for victory. It is almost superfluous to say that your appointment to the supreme naval command has been hailed with deep satisfaction by all sections of the British people. You are our "fighting Admiral," and it is felt that in your keeping the splendid fighting traditions of the British Navy will be vigorously upheld. In sure confidence we leave the issue in your hands.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Rigby, Military Representative Bucks County Appeal Tribunal.

GALLANT BUT LOQUACIOUS SIR,—Two watchmakers at High Wycombe feared their business would go should *they* go, and that a German rival would capture it. Whereupon you seem to have suggested that "the patriotism of the British people would be such that, while the appellants were fighting for their country, the townspeople would gladly support them. If the inhabitants did not give their support, then all honour was due to the German for capturing the trade." That suggestion of yours was so senseless and so higgledy-piggledy that I can only hope you were mis-reported. If you really do yield the palms of honour to Germans who capture British trade, I am sorry for you, for Wycombe, and for that Tribunal you are supposed to assist. We know that Germans are devoid of honour, but that is no reason why you should publicly offer them any. Did the reporter trip—or did you slip?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR HOME SEC.,—Don't you think it is about time you adopted a firmer and more rational policy in regard to the pro-German activities of the so-called "peace" organisations? For instance, I see that you have forbidden the running of special trains from Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil in connection with an "anti-peace" demonstration, although on the other hand you seem unwilling to interfere in any way with the liberties of the "pacifist" group who are causing all the trouble. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the patriotic public should take the law into their own hands, and should more serious disturbances arise we shall know whom to thank.

JOHN BULL.

To Kennedy Jones, Esq., Coalition Candidate, Hornsey.

DEAR K. J.,—You are really a most annoying person. After a plucky independent fight at Wimbledon a few months ago, you now come forward as the champion of the Coalition for another London constituency—none other than my own first political battle-ground—this astounding change being effected without so much as the flicker of an eyelid or the turning of a hair. I don't quite know how to explain your action—whether it is the enervating effect of foreign travel, or the shock of the bombs at Bucharest—but, anyway, I'd rather see you at St. Stephen's than a good many we know; so here's all the luck you need!

JOHN BULL.

To General Sir William Robertson, War Office.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—From some of your recent speeches I understand that we can look forward to the future with complete confidence, if only we wake up and do the right thing and do it in time. "My countrymen," you say, "are not yet fully awake." Now, as to this waking-up business, it is the fact that the only people who haven't waked up since the beginning of the war, and haven't waked up yet, are the politicians. With every respect, my dear General, it would take something more explosive than a Zeppelin bomb to wake up some of the somnolent tin gods and inanimate jellyfish who constitute the Government at this moment. If you have anything stronger at hand in the way of secret war stores, you had better chuck it among 'em if you have an idea of getting the war over before my great grandson grows whiskers. You needn't worry about the rest of your fellow-countrymen, take it from me. *They're* all right.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—I heartily welcome the introduction of the Volunteers Bill, which seems at last to promise a measure of practical recognition to the Volunteer forces, and I trust that no time may be lost in giving full effect to the War Office proposals. I fear it is but too true, as you say, that in the early days this excellent movement was regarded officially as a mere "safety valve for patriotism," but the Volunteers have proved their worth, and I am convinced that with greater encouragement they will establish their right to be regarded as an integral part of our defensive forces. The "voluntary principle," which you did so much to foster, is a wonderful thing after all.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Daniel Wormald, Occupation Lane, Staincliffe, Yorks.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that at eighty years of age you have been called up four times in the last few months to fight the battles of your country, you will probably have gathered that this war is something of a cross between an amateur comic opera and a world-wide tragedy. Of course there are a lot of fools about, even among recruiting officers, but upon my word I never suspected that the War Office could have collected so many of them in one place. I noticed in the proceedings of Parliament the other day that some member or other demanded the conscription of everybody between 18 and 60. They have already got everybody between 18 and 41, including the primest collection of crocks and cripples ever passed into an army. It is clear the recruiting officers your way are looking even ahead of this and extending the military age on their own.

JOHN BULL.

To Alfred W. Yeo, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. YEO,—I am entirely at one with your sensible plea for the simplification of legal verbiage, and I agree that Government notices and proclamations should be "so worded that they can readily be understood by the people." For example, you complain that a recent Order of the Liquor Control Board ran to 3,000 words, when in your judgment 100 words would have sufficed to explain the restrictions proposed. On glancing at the Order in question, I fully endorse your opinion, and indeed, had the "simplification" been left to me I should have been inclined to cut out just a hundred more words than you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. E. S. Tanner. Miller, Raybridge, Wilts.

SIR,—The other day I read a report of a case in which it was stated that you applied to a Court for leave to turn out of her cottage Mrs. Martin, the wife of a soldier serving at the Front. On a legal point, it appears, the summons was dismissed; that is to say, she had not received notice in proper form. You are a rich man, I understand, and I do think it unspeakable meanness to treat in any ungenerous way the wife of a soldier who is doing the fighting for us abroad while we are living safely at home. I should be pleased to hear that there has been some misunderstanding.

JOHN BULL.

WANTED: A MAN.

ASQUITH: "The tree must be felled! The axe is all right, but I wonder if I'm the right 'feller' for the job!"

THE LORDS DELIVER US!

TRUE NOBILITY SPELLS SACRIFICE OF SELF FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

By A. G. Hales.

THE submarine activities of our enemies are eating deeply into our food supplies. We want a *mercantile navy* under such a grand old seadog as Lord Beresford—a man who would know just what to do, and how to do it without clashing with the regular Navy. If the Government acts upon this suggestion, I expect to see them make the Bishop of London or some other cleric Admiral of the mercantile navy—they have an absolute genius for doing the wrong thing at the right time. Whilst we are getting our slipping in order, we must prepare to grow wheat, oats, and potatoes in bulk to make up for the ravages of the under-water war. We have this year no more than two million acres of land under wheat. However, we yet have time to put much more under cereals, and if we had a man of iron will at the head of affairs, we should do it, but we have not in the House of Commons one who is even painted to look like iron; whilst in the House of Lords it seems that the British nation can look to nothing but a collection of gentlemen who place personal possessions far before the nation's welfare.

Spoiling Good Work.

A year or so ago it really seemed as if the Lords were going to prove the saviours of the people, and the whole land thrilled with joy—for deep down in the roots of his being the average Briton loves a lord if he proves he has a lordly soul. But the utterances and actions of the members of the Upper Chamber during the last few days and weeks rob them of all the glamour that has come down from feudal times, and leave them naked in shameless sordidness. These actions and utterances of theirs only add to the burdens being piled up, to the breaking-point, on the people's shoulders. If the mutterings now to be so plainly heard by those who have ears to hear, break into a storm—if the men who have been making munitions of war turn in their fury and agitate against the constituted authorities when bellies are pinched, and hunger sits a constant guest at each homely table—then the Lords will not be the least amongst sinners. And they may rest assured that, whatever else happens amid the chaos of exploding forces, their privileges and prerogatives will be rent from them, never to be returned. But even now a Lord who is a lord in brain as well as in blood—in soul as well as in "honours"—in heart, intellect, and breadth of vision as well as in gold, lands, and chattels—can save the situation. It is because I want to see this salvation that I grip the nettle boldly—and speak without dissembling.

A Mean Thing.

I believe in the Lords. I hope for much from them—not from the money-made *parvenus* who, through the weight of gold they carried, crept from the kennels to the peerage like rats through a drain; but I have faith unbounded in the old *régime*. I love a really thoroughbred man and woman on the same principle that I love a thoroughbred horse, and for the same reason, and I still hope, my Lords, it is not in you to sink so low, or to fall so far on the road to Avernus. What is this I hear, my Lords, about the Bill you are hatching into life which will, as soon as the war is over, make the great ammunition factories, built from taxes paid partly by men who are fighting for you, and us, the absolute property of the landlords on whose land the factories have been built? Those factories are the nation's; would you so far demean yourselves as to rob the dependents of the splendid dead of what should—and shall—become their lawful heritage? Those factories, which will become wealth-producers on a gigantic scale when we begin to sell munitions to other belligerents, are not the property of the men on whose land they happen to be built; they are the nation's, and if they are stolen from the nation, the people will trample you under their feet. Well might Shakespeare have written of men who would be parties to such corruption: "I'd rather be a toad an' dwell within the vapours of a dungeon than lend myself to such base uses." This thing has not been written about in the daily press; it goes upon its dishonest way with feet shod in silence.

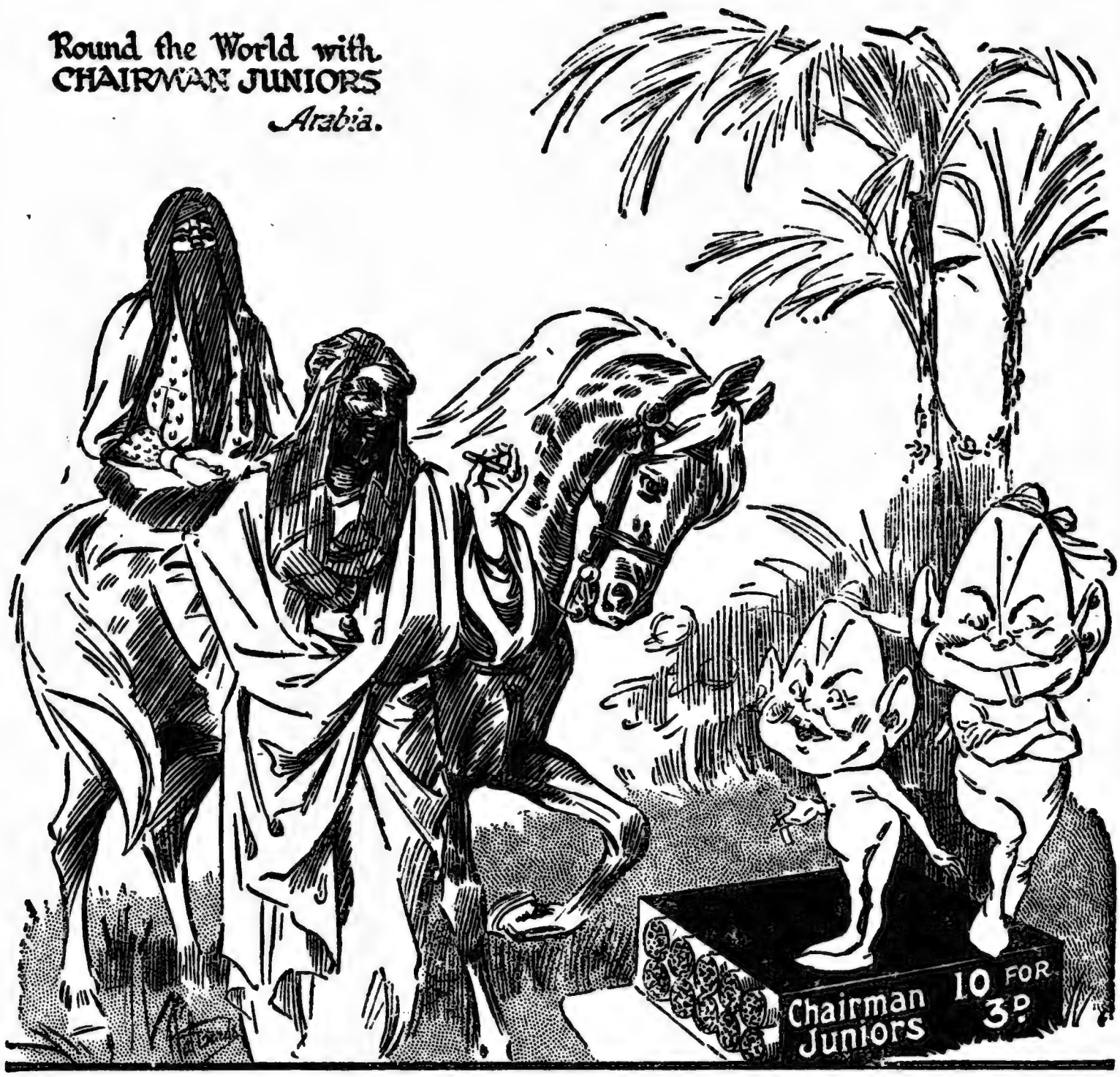
Filching the Common Land.

What is this paltry thing that you have done, my Lords? You have been a party to the filching of each village common, where the poor man grazes his horse and the widow her cow. Could you not have let that alone? If the Asquith Government had to steal the widow's mite, could you not have protected it? Had you and your class no land of your own that for the period of the war you could have placed at the disposal of the nation? There is such land in Britain—millions upon millions of acres lying idle; good land, fit for the plough, fit to grow oats for oatmeal to fill the bellies of our people and make us independent of oversea produce; fit to grow potatoes, and much of it fit to grow wheat. Had it escaped your notice, my Lords, when you lent yourselves to that village robbery? Let me point out to you where some of it is to be found. In Sutherland shire alone there are *one million one hundred thousand acres* of good land unbroken by the plough, and every acre is kept to conserve deer for the pleasure of hunting by a favoured few. I make no mistake, my Lords; my figures are correct, though they seem incredible—one million one hundred thousand acres. And in Ross-shire, close by, there are other enormous tracts of land, of good quality, kept and used as deer-breeding grounds and deer pastures for pleasure. You know as well as I to whom those lands belong. Nearly as much idle land in those two localities as the whole of broad England has under wheat to save our women and children from want if the U-boat campaign continues to be successful! When you have digested this, I will find you millions of acres more in other parts of Britain now lying idle. Do you not know of it? Then what good are you to the nation as legislators? If you *do* know it, how less worthy you prove yourselves. Fie, my Lords; had I a rope of scorpions, I'd whip you till you blushed. Do you wonder that the men and women who are paying robber rates for food are cursing you in their throats? How long do you think it will be before they proceed from cursing to acting? Deer, pheasants, grouse, and foxes are not what is keeping the Germans from over-running Britain. It is the valour and self-sacrifice of British men and women. The man who ties good land up for sport in such a crisis is beyond pity and beneath contempt; the men who legislate to help him are as despicable as he is.

Plenty of Labour if Organised.

If the landowners want labour, let the Government organise labour. Take the bakers and milkmen in Britain alone; organise them—half-a-dozen milkmen and the same number of bakers go into every little side street now, but one baker and one milkman could do it if the Government controlled the traders and classified the streets. Ten men out of every twelve would then be free for food production. Stop selling new bread, and do away with night baking and save more men. I could name a score of trades that could be organised in the same way—but first I'd commandeer every acre of idle land, Lords or no lords!

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
Arabia.



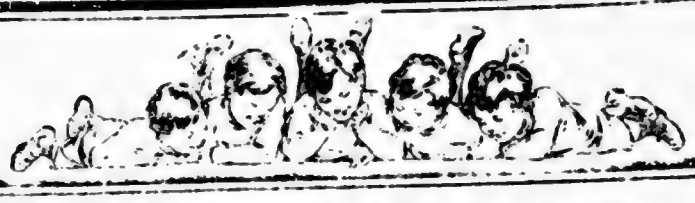
In the evening cool and breezy, where our goblins take it easy.
Among the scented groves of Araby,
This gal ant Arab halts his steed,
To puff again hi. favourite weed,
The famous Chairman Juniors ten for three.

The smoking of Cha'rman Juniors is a pleasing and consoling habit and one well worth cultivating. What's the good of worrying over things you can't alter? Much better cultivate a contented mind. You can it you smoke Chairman Juniors. They are not only inexpensive cigarettes but they are good. Nothing cheap or poor about them, as they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made just the necessary degree smaller to permit them to be sold by to bacconists and at canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. **Manchester.**

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.



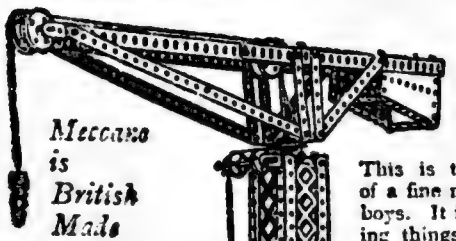
A Box of Treasures for the Boys

Every working model a boy builds with Meccano is a treasure—a joy to play with, a thing to be proud of. The key to this "Box of Treasures" is the Free Copyright Manual which makes everything clear and easy. Look at this working model of a Crane, complete and correct. The youngest boy can build it and hundreds of other models with Meccano. The beauty of Meccano is that the patented parts are so well designed boys don't have to study to build the models. They can take a model to pieces and, still using the same parts, build any of the 326 models shown in the Manual or invent Models for themselves

MECCANO

Complete Outfits from 3/9 to 115/-

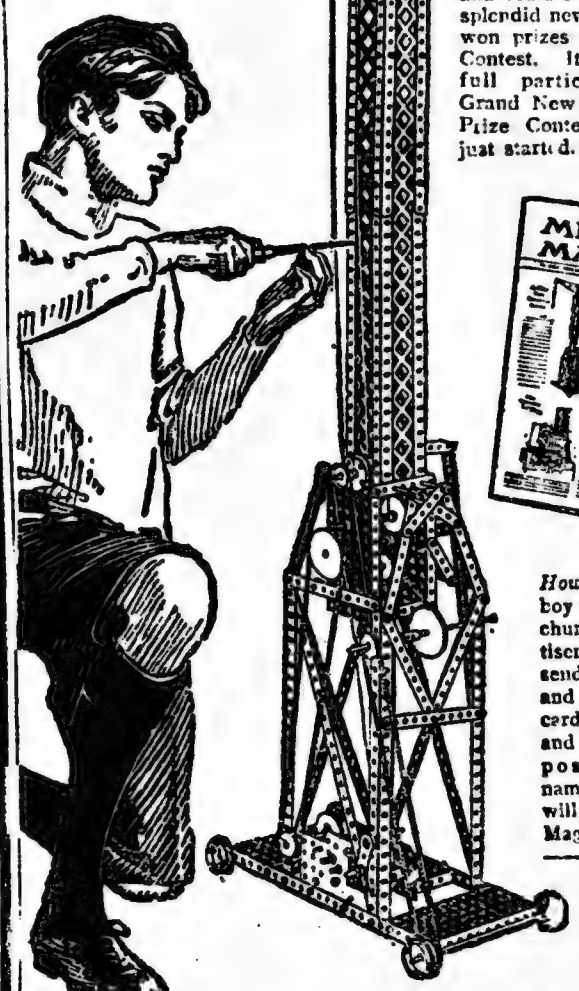
WARNING.—If your outfit does not bear the trade-mark word "Meccano" it is not Meccano.



Meccano is British Made

Get this Magazine FREE.

This is the first number of a fine new Magazine for boys. It is full of interesting things about Meccano, and features some of the splendid new models which won prizes in our last big Contest. It also contains full particulars of the Grand New Meccano £200 Prize Contest which has just started.



How to Get It—Every boy who shows three chums this advertisement, and then sends us their names and addresses on a card with his own and "No. 22" opposite his own name for reference will get this Meccano Magazine by return of post.

MECCANO Ltd., Binns Road, Liverpool.

Athomethey always ask me for the Black Cat War Cartoon (there's a colorued facsimile of a LOUIS RAEMAEKERS cartoon in every packet). Everybody says these are the finest series of war pictures ever issued, and they are too!

CARRERAS Limited. ARCADIA WORKS. City Road. London. E.C.

See the bright green band is around each 4d. packet.

Bless you, it's a question of how old you *feel*.

I feel as fit as a fiddle, and because they're the best value for money I smoke Black Cats always, the flavour's fine.

I know the best, I haven't lived 41 years for nothing.

Black Cat

Virginia cigarettes

10 for 4d. EXTRA LARGE.

10 for 3d. MEDIUM.

118 B.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

VOICES OF TREASON.

WHERE'S THE CENSOR? IRELAND'S REBEL PRESS.

We are loth to assume that the Coalition has learned nothing from the grim and unforgettable tragedy of Easter week; but we should be lacking in candour did we attempt to conceal the fact that, in the Irish situation to-day, there are features calculated to excite the gravest alarm. Although the administration of Mr. Duke has been firmer than that of Mr. Birrell, there are sinister manifestations which neither the military nor the civil authority has availed to check. Severity there has been, but to a large degree it has been misdirected; and despite the hangings and the shootings, the armed searching of houses, the imprisonment and deportation of suspects, there is but too much reason to believe that active pro-German influences are still at work, and that the seeds of hatred are sprouting again in a soil fertile with blood. The Sinn Fein press, which had so large a share in the fomentation of the late Rebellion, is showing its head again. As a first stroke in a wiser policy, we again urge the Government—as we did two years ago—to establish in Ireland a rigorous censorship of the press. We are not enamoured of such restrictive measures, but the circumstances of Ireland and the peril of the existing situation leave no alternative. With the machinery at the disposal of the authorities it should be an easy matter effectually to prevent, not for a period of weeks or months, but for the duration of the war and as much longer as may be necessary, the publication of such rankly seditious organs as the *Irish Nation*—which, in an issue dated as recently as November 11th, makes open avowal of its pro-German sympathies and warm admiration for the Sinn Fein rebels. The policy of ignoring these traitorous publications, of fondly hoping that they have little influence and can do no harm, has been tried and has dismally, tragically failed. It has been shown that the Sinn Fein newspapers have an extensive circulation, partly by subscription, largely by free distribution; their contents are eagerly devoured by the embittered elements in the population; their existence is an enduring menace to the peace of the nation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the fact that they are still published and sold, as though there had been no rebellion, no bitter civil warfare, no cruel sacrifices of British and of loyal Irish blood, is a shameful reproach to the King's Government in Ireland. As long ago as November, 1914, when the war was young, we warned the Government that, under the very walls of Dublin Castle, a disloyal and dangerous press agitation was afoot, which, unless instantly checked, threatened the gravest consequences to the peace and safety of the Realm. The sequel is a matter of history. Our warnings were ignored, our predictions scorned, our counsel unheeded. Then came a deluge of blood; and it has since been admitted by the baffled authorities that the organs of the Sinn Fein press had been among the most active agents in the dissemination of treason, in the hatching of the pro-German plot, in flaunting the standard of insurrection. These facts must be our justification for the further warning we now address to those responsible for the peace of Ireland. It is time, surely, for vigorous protest when a journal like the *Irish Daily Telegraph*, not usually associated with the *canaille* of Sinn Fein, is so far contaminated by the prevailing infection as to admit to its advertisement columns a portrait of the traitor Casement, with an intimation of the address where the original—"an attractive and life-like drawing of *Sir* Roger Casement."—is on view and on sale. Such instances might be multiplied, some less serious than others—straws perhaps, but straws that indicate the direction of a current which, unless speedily checked, may at any moment swell into a torrent of destruction. The peril is imminent. As we write, a seditious meeting has been held in the city of Cork, in defiance of the police and military, the majority of those present wearing the badge of "the Irish Republic." *All is not well!*

PAUPERS' GRAVES FOR HEROES.

HASTINGS TOWN COUNCIL BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Commend us to a Corporation or a Town Council for an example of a body without a soul. When there is a chance to rise to an occasion, they always fail. Down at Hastings, whenever a soldier died in hospital, they have been, just as a matter of form and routine, putting the hero's body into a pauper's grave, without a thought of the impropriety and indecorum of such a practice. These "common graves," as the official term goes, are dug fairly deep, and the coffins are placed one on top of the other until the grave is full. There are but nine inches between the graves—no room for a path. Although the cemetery belongs to the Town Council, not one Councillor or official dreamed of altering the disgraceful routine until the growing anger of the townsfolk brought things to a head. A young Australian died in hospital. During his stay there he had endeared himself to everybody, including doctors, staff, and fellow-patients. His burial was impressive because of the number of mourners and remarkable for the beautiful wreaths, emblems of the love won by this young fellow who had come from the other side of the world to fight and die for us. It was only when the ceremony was finished that the people realised that the coffin had gone into a pauper's grave, and then the town was indignant. Let us do justice to the Deputy-Mayor, who then took steps to provide against future happenings of the kind. He has got the Cemetery Committee to set aside a special plot for men who die while wearing the King's uniform. It is to be a "Heroes' Corner," and we understand the Home Secretary's permission will be obtained for the removal to it of all the heroes' bodies at present in common graves. But such a disturbance of honoured remains should never have been necessary. The Town Council, being owners of the cemetery, should have allotted that special ground long ago, and so protected Hastings town from the condemnation its Councillors have brought upon it. Engrossed in bands and bowling greens, it was only the anger of the public that aroused it to a sense of decency and duty.

A J.P. WITH A SLEDGE-HAMMER.

ALLEGED MALICIOUS DAMAGE TO GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.

A County Magistrate is a mighty magnate and a power in the land—especially in his own county, where, apparently, he may do just whatever he pleases. That appears to be the only lesson derivable from certain proceedings before the Bench of Magistrates at Colchester, when Alexander Kay Barlow, of Wivenhoe Hall, near Colchester, was charged with maliciously damaging Government property, at a military camp, to the extent of £11. Perhaps we had better copy the particulars from a newspaper account: "Evidence was given that he had refused permission to the military to take possession of land on which a sergeants' mess was built, and subsequently the military took over 64 acres of his park under the Defence of the Realm Act. Then, it was alleged, Mr. Barlow smashed up some outbuildings near the sergeants' mess with a sledge-hammer, one military witness stating that he rained blows for a quarter of an hour." The perfect gentleman, courtly County Magistrate, and patriotic landlord so strongly objected to lending his land for the good of the Realm that he saw red, took a hammer, and smashed up "Government property"—outbuildings for the accommodation of sergeants to whom he should have offered a welcome hand. We can guess what would happen to any poor man who destroyed Government property. Should he break a window because he was hungry and angry, the wretch would go to gaol. But—a County Magistrate? What of him? Just this: "The Bench ruled that they had no jurisdiction; the proceedings should have been taken in the County Court. The case was therefore dismissed." Alexander Kay Barlow, being alleged to have smashed up certain buildings erected for certain sergeants, went scot-free, strolling from Court, doubtless with a smile upon his face and a kind of "They-can't-touch-me!" pride in his heart. It was all very well for that Colchester Bench to advise a County Court action to recover the amount of damage done, but we *have* heard of a different sort of punishment for "malicious damage." Not, of course, when done by a County Magistrate.

THE SHIPPING RAMP.

COMMANDEER THE MERCANTILE MARINE—LIMIT ITS PROFITS.

By Our Shipping Expert.

"BRITANNIA Rules the Waves" has been the boast of every Englishman, and, as regards her naval supremacy, we still like to feel that the statement is as true to-day as ever. But as regards the Mercantile Marine, if very energetic action is not taken, unless the full carrying capacity of our cargo vessels is at once utilised by a Business Board composed of practical men, we shall find that at the end of the war the Neutrals will be first in the field, with Germany second, and Britain last. We are convinced that, unless the under-water menace is tackled in a thorough manner, and the red tape of officialism at the Foreign Office and Admiralty destroyed, we may find that in the last resort the war will, to a large extent, be decided by the submarine. Feeling as we do, we demand to know why, whilst the Board of Trade commandeer the railways, the food, the sugar, the meat and mines, they do not commandeer the whole of the Mercantile Marine and collect the immense fleet of Britain into one huge combination to assist in this world war for freedom which is now being waged against the Hun. We therefore call upon the Government, independently of the Board of Trade, to commandeer at once the whole mercantile tonnage of the United Kingdom, and place it at the disposal of the country for the carriage of foodstuffs, munitions, and all products and supplies. We do not for one moment suggest that the tonnage of the country should be handed over to the management of the present utterly incompetent, ignorant, muddling, and meddling body known as the Admiralty Transport Department, or their so-called "experts"—known to all practical men as the "University Five," a term due to the source whence they were collected. What their qualifications are, Heaven only knows—no one else does; the manner in which they have muddled and wasted the tonnage of the country is a by-word amongst mariners. The Department has no practical men, nor will they permit their appointment—the contrast would be too great.

The Sham "Ship-owner."

Nor would we dream of nominating for membership of such a body the present so-called "ship-owners." Some of the old-class owners must turn in their graves to hear the present-day ship-mongers so described. The average "ship-owner" is far too often merely a ship-trafficker of the very worst class; he exploits vessels in order to float huge combines and companies. Often, he cannot be honest even with his own shareholders; he is up to all kinds of tricks and dodges to obtain illicit personal profits. We therefore demand that *all* our mercantile fleet shall be taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by a Board which must be composed of practical men—men who understand chartering and insurance; experienced Marine Superintendents—not fancy men with titles who control mail-boats, but men who have for years actually handled cargo vessels, supplying brains which the managing owner sucks. To them we would add practical Marine Engineers—not of the high-flown "consulting" class, but men who know what to do without asking assistants whom they pay as little as possible, whilst taking huge fees themselves. With such a Board, the whole fleets of the United Kingdom could be managed and worked in a thorough manner, and there would be little more heard of shortage of tonnage and deficiency of food supplies. Relieved of the incubus of the Admiralty Permanent Officials, and with subsidiary Boards at all principal ports, the tonnage question would soon be solved, and the country would be saved millions every month. The vessels would have to be handed over to the Business Board as they now are—surveyed, and inventories taken; after the war they would be surveyed again, and handed back in the same condition, fair wear and tear excepted. As regards payment, the same system as has been adopted for the railways should be followed—the average profits for the three years prior to the war must be ascertained, and on this basis—with an agreed allowance, say 10 per cent., for depreciation in the case of ordinary vessels, and 15 per cent. for passenger vessels and refrigerated steamers—the hire paid. There must be no 80 to 150 per cent. profit made out of the food and necessities of the nation. When this reform is carried out—and it must be done in spite of the Hidden Hand of the interested ship-owner—we shall not find, as we do now, vessels hung up all round the coast doing nothing for weeks and weeks; or lying about, half-loaded or discharged. Such scandals, too, as that of the *Aquitania*—which was fitted and dismantled five times at a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds—will be unknown. All this waste exists because there is no Business Board, such as we have described, to handle the tonnage. We should, also, hear no more of trouble with crews, as they would all be placed under the control of the Board, and in case of desertion or misbehaviour or strike would be dealt with under strict discipline, without the red-tape nonsense of the Board of Trade.

Criminal Waste.

This Business Board would soon put a stop to the criminal waste of refrigerated tonnage—lying up, at ports abroad, when stores could easily be erected and the vessels released to carry the frozen meat from the Dominions and South America—where at the present time there are thousands of tons of produce awaiting transport, whilst these vessels are being allowed to lie idle, through the incompetence of the advisers of the Board of Trade—exorbitant rates being paid for vessels with crews on board to clean them up, with the result that, after the war, the owners will have had the money, whilst their ships have been improved rather than deteriorated. With a plentiful supply, such as would thus be provided, the country would be able to get its food without the intervention and consequent jugglery of the American Rings, controlling the English market. Besides handling the refrigerated vessels, such a Board would see that barges were constructed to carry meat up the French canals to the Base—with English-designed and manufactured refrigerating machines, and not—as the Inland Water Transport at present possess—German-designed apparatus. The Government must be forced to take over without further delay, and before it is too late, the control of the whole Mercantile Marine tonnage of the country, and have it worked in a way such as we have outlined, by disinterested parties, for the sole benefit of the country and for the shortening of the war. At present the country's money is being used to fill the pockets of avaricious so-called ship-owners, who have no conscience and who care for nothing or nobody so long as their own pockets are lined and their own interests secured. How long the British public is likely to sit still and allow this exploiting of its interests and pocket to go on rests with itself. But we have shown the way—we advise the appointment at once of a Business Board to take over the entire Mercantile Fleets—such Board to be entirely free from the control of the Board of Trade and the Transport Department, both of which have muddled matters until we have reached the present deplorable position.

The Senior Service on

MURATTI

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The Mine-Sweeper's Skipper.

10 for 4d

"YES, I s'pose it *is* a bit nerve searching, especially when an enemy periscope is sighted just as we've heaved the 'horned death' to the surface. But, bless you! a life at sea has its compensations . . . and the amazing tonic of danger is not the least of 'em. When the tension is over, a 'Classic' is my first thought—always!"

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. Cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

Obtainable from all high class tobacconists or from Muratti's Ltd. West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

On Sale Everywhere.

100	50
3/4	1/8
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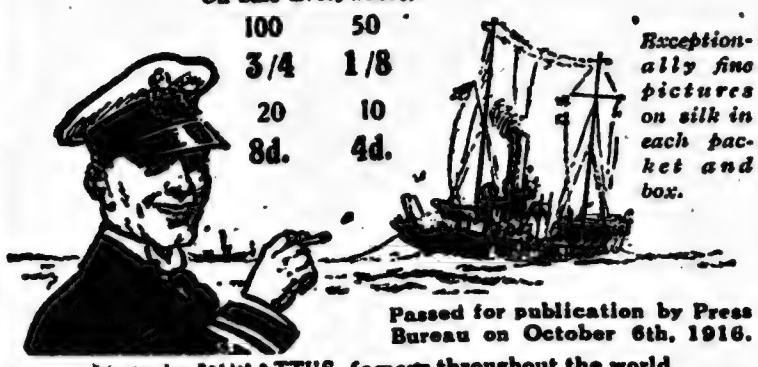
8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.



Passed for publication by Press Bureau on October 6th, 1916.

Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the world for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

"Tales of a Toffee Tin." *No. 5: Amongst the youngsters.*

This is the tin that arrived at school in the hamper from home.

and if he wanted the tin to last longer he shouldn't have asked for Mackintosh's.

That's all there is of this "Tale of a Toffee-Tin." All tales about Toffee are inevitable short—if it's Toffee-de-Luxe.

All children love Mackintosh's, if they have lived long enough to experience its delicious buttery, sugary, creamy flavour. This wonderful sweatmeat is liked also by most grown-ups—of the kind who still can smile, and are not afraid to show an appreciation of a simple, homely sweetmeat.

Many thousand of odd moments every day of the year are wisely occupied in munching Mackintosh's—*wisely* because Toffee-de-Luxe is full of food and contains compressed nutriment in every atom of it.

In every bite a delight; and in every atom the goodness, purity, and food value of sugar, butter, and thick rich cream.

It is simply a duty to treat our Soldiers and Sailors to lots and lots of Toffee-de-Luxe. Ask one.

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins by confectioners everywhere.

1½d. per oz.

To the Trade only.

The extensive advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, and the fact that it is so good pure and delicious have made it a staple product of steadily increasing and enormous demand. Both Wholesale and Retail Trade are strongly urged to provide for this increasing demand by revising their stocks at once.

John Mackintosh Ltd.
Halifax, England.

3B

There is only one honest way of doing business — to make the best article you can for the money.

"ERASMIC"

SHAVING STICK

Is honest value all through.
Does not dry on the face.
Helps the razor and gives a really comfortable shave.
Leaves the skin clean & soft.
Lasts longer than any other.

BRITISH & BEST.

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 2.

PYRAMID
HANDKERCHIEFS
KHAKI

ALL the fine old "Pyramid" qualities are to be found in Khaki Pyramids—niceness in use, soundness of wear—same old price. Pyramid label on each.

6½d. each; 6/6 box of dozen

Slip them in your parcels to the boys

TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C. Manufacturers of Tootal Shirtings, Pyramid and Lissue Handkerchiefs.

P. 85

IONA
SCOTCH WHISKY

TRADE MARK

Fully matured, mellowed with age, and free from all acridity, "IONA" at once appeals to the palate of those who appreciate the best in Scotch Whisky.

Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "IONA" possesses an unequalled flavour, and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

Established 1820.
Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

G. & J. MACLACHLAN Ltd., GLASGOW.

Weather Dangers

What with the weather and what with the war, these days defy the strongest constitution.

The man or woman who thinks to 'keep on' at full pressure without the extra strength and nerve force that only a tonic like Hall's Wine can give, is sooner or later coming to grief.

A timely course of Hall's Wine would have prevented most of the coughs, colds, influenza, and catarrhal troubles now so prevalent. Health *must* come first—and Hall's Wine is so *sure* and so *economical* a safeguard that you should have it by you always.

An M.R.C.S. says:—
"Hall's Wine as a tonic vitaliser is, in my judgment, unrivalled."
(Letter on File.)

Hall's Wine
THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Guarantee
Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and we will refund your outlay.

Large Size 3/9
Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists
STEPHEN SMITH & CO., Ltd., BOW, LONDON.

QUALITY—DISTINCTION—LOW PRICE

ALL the distinction, individuality and economy to be obtained from high-priced wearing apparel is to be had from Jacksons' at popular prices.

Jacksons' Hats, Boots, Shoes, and Raincoats are world-famous for their long-wearing qualities and smart appearance. It does not matter whether your income is increased or decreased by the war, you will be well advised to deal with Jacksons'.

Jacksons'

Boots	12/6
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Raincoats	35/-
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Ladies' and Gent.'s fittings in all the latest styles.

Mail Order Dept.—If you cannot visit one of the numerous Jacksons Branches you can easily order by mail, if you send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Latest Fashions. Fit and style guaranteed.

JACKSONS' Ltd.
Victoria Works, Stockport, England
Branches in all large Towns.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

INSULTING THE BEREAVED.

ANOTHER CASE OF WAR OFFICE CALLOUSNESS.

The explanation given respecting our recent disclosure that letters of sympathy bearing the signature stamp of Lord Kitchener are still being sent out to bereaved parents is the usual one—not the fault of the War Office, but of some local official! We are told that these letters are not sent direct from the War Office, but from the various Record Offices. Apparently it never occurred to the War Office to call in all the letters bearing Lord Kitchener's signature. Perhaps, however, Mr. Lloyd George will tell us what he thinks of the following case. The parents of a 2nd Lieutenant reported "Missing and believed killed" wrote to the War Office for further information, and this is what they received:—

The Military Secretary presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and begs to say the following report has been received from the Officer Commanding, ——, ——.

"On the morning of September 4th, 1916, men of 2nd Lieutenant —— platoon saw shells bursting near him, and in their own words, '2nd Lieutenant —— appeared to be in the flames'; he was not seen again by anyone, so it can only be presumed that he was blown to pieces."

The Army Council desire to offer their sincere sympathy with Mr. —— in his great loss.

We ourselves desire to offer not only our sincere sympathy, but, at the same time, our sincere apologies for the callous conduct of the War Office Staff in forwarding such a communication. Well may the correspondent who forwards us this document—a medical man in attendance upon the bereaved parents—observe: "To be told that their son appeared to be in flames and presumably was 'blown to pieces' I consider was an outrage to the bereaved—callous and cruel condolence." What says Mr. Lloyd George?

WIVES AND CONDUCTRESSES.

ANOTHER INDICTMENT OF THE OMNIBUS LADY.

More about the Tragedy on Wheels: "I can quite sympathise with the wives of the drivers of the General Omnibus Company," says another Goodmayes lady, "for the behaviour of the majority of conductresses is nothing short of disgraceful and disgusting. I live a short distance from the garage, and have a number of those mischief-makers lodging near by. One has only to look round to see homes where trouble and unhappiness has been caused by these women. If they want to be patriotic and do their bit, let them do their work in a business-like, womanly way, and not carry on with the drivers, walking out with them and leaning over gates at the early hours of morning. It seems to be quite the thing on their day off to dress expensively to meet another woman's husband in town. They earn good money and therefore can afford to dress well and attractively, while the poor wife with half-a-dozen children often has to be content with margarine on her bread. The conductresses have indeed got the laugh of the drivers' wives. Last night the 'buses were hung up on the roadside in the fog, and passing by one could not fail to hear the conversation—which was such that I should not care to put it on paper; then a loud peal of laughter, followed by songs. It is unfair and unkind. How would these girls feel in the wives' places? There are many who are heartbroken over the change in their husbands since these conductresses came on the scene." It will probably be news to the general public that the 'bus conductress is so awful and the 'bus conductor so faithless. It may be, of course, that the indictment is overdone, through jealousy overwrought. The particular is not always the picture of the general, not even when it is the General Omnibus Company. "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave," says the Song of Solomon.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Count Zeppelin, in Bopeep's guise,
Feels tears suffuse his murderous eyes,
Because the offspring of his brain
Fall on their voyage home again.

If Balfour should to Greenwich go,
He must not go alone, you know:
The Cabinet contains, we swear,
At least a score who should be there.

The smart appearance of our girls,
Though caps conceal their wayward curls,
Although her envy it may whet,
Delights the French munitionette.

While we are fighting ruthless foes
Should men and masters come to blows?
"No!" says the Government, "not to-day"
And forthwith makes them break away.

Now Jellicoe has come ashore
We'll see things never seen before;
For he (and Beatty on the sea)
Knows *how to use* the King's Navee.

Those ministers, who think no shame
Their own achievements (?) to acclaim,
Flee from before Horatio
Simply because he "wants to know"

CONFOUND TH

AM I WANTED?—MY PROGRAM

By THE ED

AM I wanted? That is the question I have been asking myself ever since the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* suggested that, so to speak, I should come out of my shell and, taking advantage of their forthcoming oratorical tour, tackle Ministers face to face. But it is not so much that particular suggestion which has set me thinking, as the enormous mass of correspondence which it has produced. I confess it has been a revelation to me. The confrontation of the Ministerial "buskers" plays but a small part in the appeals which have come to me from every quarter of the country. "Come and give us a lead" is the general cry—"*Lead*, and we will follow." I should like the Government to see some of those letters. They would then realise how true it is that, as I said last week, they are sitting on a volcano. God grant that its eruption may be delayed!

My Programme.

Meanwhile, what can I do? For purely personal reasons, I am compelled for the present to work outside Parliament—not that in existing circumstances it is possible to do much there, beyond perhaps riveting attention upon official ineptitude in a more effective manner than is possible elsewhere. And so I must confine myself mainly to my journalistic pulpits—from which I may truthfully say that I address larger congregations than those of all the Churches put together. But I say "mainly," for my letter-bag tells me the country expects something more of me to-day. I confess that I do not enthuse over the notion of breaking up Ministers' meetings, for that is what it would come to. The scheme is first-rate, if the Government spokesmen will give me formal leave to attend—but they are not likely to do that! Therefore, anticipating their decision, I ask myself in what other way I can be the instrument for expressing the popular will. I am certain that the whole sentiment of the nation is in favour of my suggestion for the formation of a People's War Council, and that a Petition to the King, praying him to at once instruct his Ministers to consent to that innovation in our Constitution, would be signed by nine out of ten of the adult population. And I am not sure that I shall not adopt that method of procedure. But, first of all, I want the Government to *know* how intense is public feeling to-day. For they are living in a Fool's Paradise, and mere tinkering with this name or that won't avail them. Well, what about a mighty mass meeting at the Albert Hall, by way of a start? What a meeting it would be! Somewhat different from the faked functions of the Westminster Warblers now touring the country! And, after that, we could have our Petition to the King.

A Call to the King.

And in that Petition we would tell his Majesty that his Government cannot continue to trifle with national interests and paralyse our Imperial strength without invoking all the perils of a People's indignation. There is growing evidence of grave dissatisfaction; the cry heard on every hand is for other Men and other Measures. The war, which has brought upon us untold suffering and anguish, would have been ended, and peace would once more reign over a stricken world, if courage and foresight, capacity and determination, had been brought to bear upon the struggle. We would tell the King that we have been betrayed by ignorance and indecision, and that to-day we are paying the price of weakness and incapacity. Ministers have sacrificed the confidence of the people, and the hour of their doom is approaching; they know it—and to-day they are quarrelling amongst themselves as to who shall be the so-called leader. "To impress on the country the necessity of utilising all its resources for the vigorous prosecution of the war." That, we are told, is the object of the oratorical orgy in which Ministers are indulging. I say that that is an insulting declaration—it implies that it is the People who are at fault. What those of us who deplore the sleeping sickness in Whitehall have been trying to do for months is to arouse the *Government*. The country has shown by its wonderful response to every demand—its willing consent to any sacrifice—that it is alive to the perils and the necessities of the hour. No; I would, in the language of Parliament, move to omit the word "country" from Mr. Bonar Law's impertinent reflection on the People, and substitute the word "Government."

on'ound the Crisis!

Who will deny that we have given the Cabinet every chance Never before in the history of this country have the people offered such generous support or reposed such frank trust in a Ministry. Time after time we have overlooked stupidities and weaknesses which in days of peace would have brought a Government to the ground. "Give them another chance"—that has been the good-tempered plea; and when the blunders have grown in number and in size, the sycophants, the apologists—those who hang about the doors of Downing Street like tick on sheep—have tried to silence complaints by asking, "What is the alternative—who would you put in their places?" My answer is that if the alternative is between losing this Government of "twilight sleepers" and losing the war, I am prepared to see every one of them kicked neck and crop out of office. As a Ministry they know their hour is drawing near. Any moment now may bring us news of the fall of Bucharest; and he is a shrewd politician who clears out in advance. We do not suggest for one moment that Mr. Lloyd George is actuated by any such sordid motive, but we would have preferred that his protest to the Premier should have come before the fate of Roumania was sealed. And this projected tour to "impress" the country is nothing more or less than a scheme to cajole the people into giving the men who have betrayed their trust and proved false to our best interests a further lease of life. They may have the effrontery to risk a General Election early in the New Year if the Doves which are to be sent out from the Downing Street ark report that things are favourable—if they are led to believe that the waters of national indignation have not risen high enough to deny them a resting-place at the polls. But—remember this—if we are to win the war by such a victory as

THE CRISIS!

MME—A CALL TO THE KING.

EDITOR

will defeat the designs of the Prussians and secure to us long years of firm, unbroken peace, then the country must realise that the Coalition as at present constituted must go. There must be a root and branch re-organisation of the Cabinet. Faint heart and feeble hand must disappear into what may prove for both a merciful oblivion. Younger men, and men of real vigour and ruthless determination, must be called to the counsels of the King. "There are only two forms of government in war-time—Coalition or Dictatorship." That is a truism which I have tried for many weeks past to enforce upon Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. The British people are a long-suffering people, slow to anger and not easily roused. But as this war has shown—and the Cabinet should take warning from the fact—when once roused there is no turning back, no length to which the national spirit will not go to sweep aside obstacles to victory and sacrifice anything and anyone barring the road to triumph.

Doing Nothing.

Under a series of repressive regulations—which make it difficult for those who know, and who, knowing, fear for the immediate future—the People cannot be told the whole truth. If they could, I am certain the Coalition would be trampled into the dust and the cry would be for a Dictator. Even the "Hide the Truth Press," the "Don't humiliate Germany" type of newspaper, is beginning to show signs of distress and is daring to admit that all is not well in Downing Street. If there are not men in the Cabinet who are ready to play for an inconclusive peace—and I am not so sure there are not such men—then all I can say is, that the Cabinet by their internal quarrels are playing into the hands of the Pacifists and helping to engineer the movement which, if successful, would bring the war to an end before we have given the enemy the "knock-out" blow. Everyone knows that we want more men for the fighting line—that man-power is the one thing above all others which can win the war. We know what the High Commands have put forward as their need in reinforcements for the Front if the Spring is to see the enemy driven from France and pushed out of Belgium. Yet nothing is done. Weeks ago an inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the exact man-power of the country. That inquiry has been completed, recommendations have been made to the Cabinet, yet what has been done? Many months ago we had the Report of the Commission on Food Supplies, and the Government were advised to guarantee a fair price for wheat to the farmer. But nothing has been done. The "wise men" and "the fools" in the Cabinet could not agree. To consent to a scheme which would have helped to secure the food of the People free from the risks of oversea transport would have meant the necessity of certain members of the Cabinet putting patriotism before politics. They would not do it. Time is passing, the winter is upon us, and the Government decline to offer any inducement for the sowing of wheat. With a great flourish of trumpets we were told that a Food Controller was to be at once appointed. Day after day passed, every hour increasing the difficulties of our food supply, and yet we were left waiting for the man who is to organise our resources so that the poor shall not suffer and the rich shall not be favoured. Why the delay? Has it been the difficulty of finding a Man strong enough and bold enough to tackle the problem on big and broad, not on petti-fogging and parochial, lines? Or is it true that men who had the grasp of mind and the grip of iron declined the job because they saw that their liberty would be hampered and their powers curtailed by the claims of Departments and the jealousies of colleagues? After weeks of agitation, Mr. Asquith has been forced to listen to the voice of public opinion and add fighting strength to the Board of Admiralty. But the appointment of Sir John Jellicoe—which we foreshadowed in our last issue—while it had the merit of bringing the fighting Admiral to Whitehall, had the defect of bolstering up Mr. Balfour. The weakness at the Admiralty has been of his making. Sailors are men of action, not men of words; and, as we know from bitter experience, the political head of the Admiralty rules the roost. I shall not be content, and I know the country will not be content, until we have as the supreme head of the Navy not a well-meaning philosopher-politician, but a sailor, a fighting man whose word is law and whose right to rule the Navy for war—ruthless war—cannot be questioned. To throw up official hands at the submarine menace is to play the part of the craven. To defer taking effective measures which *can* be taken to crush it is to play the *role* of the fool or the traitor. It was not until the Cabinet were goaded into action that a genuine effort was made to meet the Zeppelin peril with vigour.

Let the King Act.

It is the duty of everyone to place at the disposal of his Sovereign and at the service of his fellow countrymen, such capacity as he possesses and such influence as he can command. Upon the issues of the next few months depends our Imperial future. Under wise guidance, with a right understanding of the strength of the enemy and the resources at our command, victory is ours. But indecision may mean disaster, for it *will* be disaster if this war is brought to its end before we have so crushed the enemy that the terms of peace are *our* terms, forced upon a stricken and humbled foe. Once more I appeal to his Majesty. Let him exercise to the full his Constitutional power, so that the People's will is truly reflected in the People's Government; forgetting all else but his great responsibility to his loyal subjects, and call to his counsel those who are singled out by their training and capacity, by their patriotism and their power, to organise the engines of victory and the guarantees for peace. Let him tell Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George to adjust their differences, at any rate for the duration of the war, and let him call upon the Prime Minister to at once nominate such a War Council as we have suggested—with a People's Council in consultation with it—and leave the rest to the Navy and the Army. Who cares a fig in these days for Cabinet Crises? *Confound* the Cabinet!

ARTFUL ALMA.

A "LADY" AND HER LURE.

One of those individuals who seek to get a living in quaint and curious ways is somebody posing as "Alma Dane," Journalist, 7, Hatton Yard, London, E.C. We expect Alma is no lady; we guess it is a male person, knowing more about bars than boudoirs. But the circular letter sent out by Alma is graced with a lady's portrait, and Alma pretends to be of the gender feminine. Here are some of "her" tasty bits:—"Although you may think it immodest and a bit unladylike for me to address you . . . I think I can bring you a message of hope and encouragement, and set you on the high road to fortune. . . . I am a lady journalist of no little experience in competitions. I am 26 years of age"—(no lady gives away her age like that; the voice is the voice of Eve, but the hand is the hand of Adam)—"and—must I whisper it?—unmarried." One might think Alma was feeling amorous and finessing for a flirtation. But not a bit of it. "I am behind the scenes in newspaper contests, and, luckily for me, in the confidence of every important member of the competition world"—(she is not in ours, so her confidence trick is trumped)—"especially as I have been able to perform favours for many prominent gentlemen connected with this important hobby." (This fair creature, 26 and "unmarried," has performed no favours for us, nor do we hanker after any at her delicate hands.) "To put the whole matter in a nutshell"—a bombshell would be just as appropriate—"I want you to try just one pair of my own particular efforts for John Bull's 'Bullets' contest, which I will evolve for you myself with the greatest care. . . . Promise to enter my lines, and to pay me a commission of 15 per cent. (3s. in the £) if you win the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd prize in 'Bullets.' Trusting to hear from you, Yours sincerely, Alma Dane." We, in our turn, trust that Alma will not hear from any of our readers. We do not like "her" gush nor "her" pose; in fact, we suspect that the female name shrouds the identity of some common get-rich-quick merchant once more on the rampage in the old, sweet, wheedling way. And we wager there would be a small "preliminary fee" to pay!

THE SUGAR SCANDAL.

WHY TO HIM THAT HATH SHOULD IT BE GIVEN?

A few weeks ago Mr. McKenna was reported to have said that the Sugar Commission disapproved the growing practice of demanding a higher "other goods" purchase than 2s. as a condition of obtaining 1 lb. of sugar, but he has since explained that he qualified the statement by saying he could not enforce a 2s. limit. In that case he might as well have said nothing. If a 2s. limit is fair, why cannot it be enforced? The Commission have the control of sugar in their own hands, and if people who obtain it to retail make these intolerable demands on the poor, the Commission have obviously the power of refusing them supplies altogether. Do the Commission mean to say that the Yorkshire woman put into the position of the writer of the following letter is being rightly treated? "The other week," she says, "I read that we were only supposed to spend two shillings to get one pound of sugar, and I wonder how it is we have been spending three shillings for many a week at the Co-op. before we could get one pound, and last week we had to go without, so this week we have to spend 5s. to get one pound, and I don't know what we are going to do, as I have a baby, and we want 2 lbs. a week, but I can't afford to spend ten shillings just to get sugar. I have been short as it is, and the neighbours have kept lending me some, but they haven't enough for themselves as other shops won't let us have it when you don't deal there. Some have spent 30s., and only get 2 lbs." There is admittedly a sugar shortage, but the distribution ought not to be such that the well-to-do get all they want and the poor are blackmailed—for that is what it amounts to—before they can obtain even a meagre and limited satisfaction of the bare necessities. This is one of the things the new Dictator of the Diet will have to dictate about when he starts upon his job, or one of these days the policeman on the beat will stroll along to find some of the shopkeepers in trouble with infuriated women. To the fullest extent of his power and authority the Dictator of the Diet ought to see to it that, as between the well-to-do and the poor there is equality of sacrifice.

Machine made to standard gauges, the Pericles fits exactly.

Its moderate price is also accounted for by its being machine made, which means large output without decreased value.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

COVERS, W.O. 5/3
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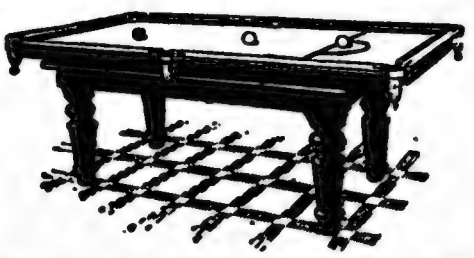
PERICLES
PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES
CYCLE TYRES
Made by
THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.

An endless source of pleasure—
Riley's Home Billiards

The game that provides an equal delight to both sexes of all ages—and in which the youngster can become as proficient as the adult—is Riley's Home Billiards. Nothing so well binds together the family as this scientific yet easy game, that calls up sportsmanship and skill, gives excitement yet relaxation from strenuous daily work, yielding pleasure out of all proportion to its moderate cost.

Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables

fit securely and with perfect balance on any dining table. Made of solid Mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystallate balls, and all accessories included. Every table carries Riley's perfection guarantee.



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Securely packed and delivered free to any address in the United Kingdom within one mile of a railway station. Play for seven days, and if you are not satisfied ask us to collect it at our expense.

Riley's "Combine" Billiard & Dining Table. A combination of a handsome dining table and a first-class billiard table. Made in oak or mahogany; every detail perfect; sold complete with all accessories including ivory or crystallate balls, cash prices from £13 10s. Can be had for cash or in 13 or 18 monthly payments.

FREE—Our fully illustrated Catalogue dealing with Miniature, "Combine," and larger tables will be sent upon application.

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Walking out with Bondman

The man who smokes Bondman is a man to be proud of—he knows what's good.

You can smoke Bondman indoors or out, at the Pictures or in the Drawing-room. Ladies like it. It has a deli ate fragrance like that of a fine ciga ette. And its full round flavour makes it a grand smoke for the money.

You can send Bondman duty free to your f iends at the Front Order from your tobacconist.

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

Rich, Ruddy, Virginia

TOBACCO

Per 6d. oz.

They deserve the best— send them

Bovril

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

Become a Good Pianist "without constant practising"

No more weary grinding at "Scales" and "Exercises"

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System has abolished all necessity for Keyboard drudgery. In a few months, practising only a short time daily, you can obtain a mastery of the piano, and a much greater proficiency than is possible by "practice" methods in several years, practising two and three hours daily. No apparatus or special notation is used—the practice is not fatiguing or monotonous. Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., has strongly recommended my System, the advantages of which, he stated, he could cordially endorse from his own personal experience.

7,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for my FREE BOOK, "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are carefully adapted to individual requirements, my personal attention being given to each student. Whatever your age or proficiency, wherever you live, there is no quicker or more certain way to permanent mastery of the piano. Apply for booklet to-day. BUT DO NOT OMIT to state whether average or advanced player or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. A 1d. stamp must be sent for postage.

Address:

A. MACDONALD SMITH, 19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.

"From Brain to Keyboard,"

Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 2.

The "Observation" Officer.

I told the fellows the other night, when there was a discussion on the Heavies, that "what a Gunner says is always worth listening to." A Johnny on observation duty appreciates responsibility too much to talk a lot of tosh; and when he says an Army Club is "some" Cigarette don't you bother about any other, but go and get a few, and try them for yourself.

CAVANDER'S

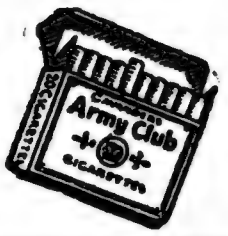
"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d., *50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.*

We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to any member of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.

CAVANDER'S "Army Mixture"— A mellow non-bite Mixture, 7½d. per oz., 2/6 ¼lb. tin.



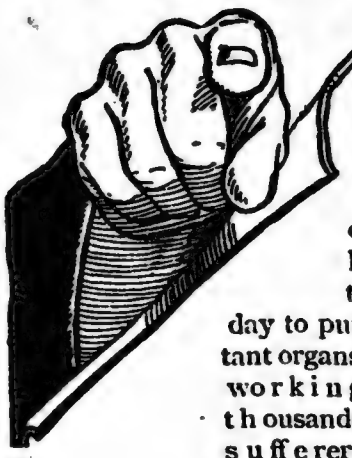
The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

INDIGESTION



If you suffer from pains after eating, acidity, flatulence, headaches, biliousness or constipation, it is probably due to the fact that your organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels—have lost tone and need help. Begin to-day to put these important organs into proper working order, as thousands of former sufferers have done, by taking Seigel's Mother Syrup after your meals. There are more than ten varieties of medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup, and these exert a wonderfully beneficial action on stomach, liver and bowels, enabling them to perform their functions naturally. In this way indigestion is banished and the whole system benefits in a remarkable manner. Put it to the test to-day.

YOU NEED

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

"MANY ESCAPE BY INFLUENCE."

HOW OFFICIALISM USES THE BIG UMBRELLA

Everywhere where there is Government officialdom, thousands of fit men of military age are hiding and shirking under the pretence of doing something more important for their country than joining its military forces. An instance has been revealed at the Chertsey Tribunal. Tribunals, as we know, are "all according." Some are mere agents of the military authorities; others exercise their duties with a minimum of intelligence and a maximum of noisy impudence and alleged humour; still others—such as those at Westminster and Chertsey—scrupulously endeavour to do justice both to the State and the individual. We are not, therefore, surprised that one of the members of the latter should resign rather than share the ignominy and suffer the humiliation of being flouted and tampered with by the Ministry of Munitions. The Badge Department of the Ministry actually had the cynical audacity to write to the Tribunal requesting them to refrain from taking any further action in the case of a corn merchant's assistant, who had entered a munitions works the day before he was ordered to join the Army, after appeal. The Department wrote that the "firm had applied for a badge for the man and one had been issued at the earnest request of the Admiralty, who said his work was of national importance." According to Councillor Wells, it was clerical work. "We all know he was a corn salesman," he protested, leaving the room, "and to say it is of national importance that he should do clerical work is a scandal; I don't propose to sit here and send other men into the Army." Nor was that the only protest. The Chairman of the Tribunal himself spoke with even stronger emphasis. "It is impossible to send other men. Many escape by influence, and it seems a waste of time to sit here. How can we administer the Military Service Act in face of what has happened?" When a Tribunal under the law is trying to hold the scales level, what right has Government officialdom to tamper with the beam or falsify the weights?

WATCH AND PREY.

TIME FLIES—SO DOES HARD-EARNED MONEY.

Possibly you require a watch or a clock. Samuel's Watch Co., Ltd., of Gracechurch Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Fleet Street London, can supply you with either. Let us presume to advise you. Should you happen to be passing the Company's premises—pass. A lady reader informs us that she recently purchased from the concern a nickel wristlet watch, priced at one guinea—a capital little watch, which kept excellent time for ten complete minutes. Then it stopped. Wishful to encourage good work, she tried to wind it up. The effort, however, proved futile—the watch had "struck." Naturally she returned it to the firm, who gave her another in place of it. The second watch was a marked improvement on its predecessor, working zealously for four whole days before easing up. Another visit was paid to Messrs. Samuel, this time our reader demanding the return of her money. The proprietors could not accede to the request, declaring the watch had been overwound. They were, however, willing—for a further payment of one shilling—to do the necessary repairs. The money was handed over, and was productive of good results—the watch "carrying on" for another two days! At this stage Messrs. Samuel appeared to have figured as philanthropists, offering "a very smart little watch, worth 45s.," which she obtained by paying another 9s. Further, they supplied a "Warranty," guaranteeing the timepiece for a period of ten years, providing it was not overwound, subjected to unfair usage, or required cleaning. Our reader accepted the offer—and watch No. 3 proved its superior quality by working an entire fortnight before coming to a standstill. Dissatisfied and disgusted, she took it to two watchmakers, both of whom declared that it was not worth repairing, as it had no stone pivots. She then wrote to us, and we submitted the "stop-watch" to an expert. His report was somewhat discouraging. He stated that "the usual price, wholesale, for such an article was 7s. 6d. to 9s., to be retailed at about 14s., *by any concern which cares to deal in such quality stuff.*"

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Dec 9th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (c) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., when your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Dec. 9th, 1916

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....
.....

Mother—send for th s free Present Then Watch Baby Grow Strong & Well

Don't merely hope for Baby's welfare. Ensure it. Baby will only be well if he is properly nourished—suitably fed. Feed him at the breast if you can; that is Nature's way, that is the best way. But if this is not possible, you must choose a substitute for Mother's Milk—a food nearly resembling it, which does what Breast Milk does, builds Bone and Tissue, forms Healthy Flesh, assists Teething, give Healthy Sleep, and is easily assimilated an digested. **NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS** fulfils all these conditions. **TEST IT FREE.** Send your name and address and 2d. stamps towards postage to Joriah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge, and you will receive a **LARGE FREE SAMPLE TIN,** sufficient for over 30 Feeds for a Baby of 2 months, and a really helpful Booklet, "Hints About Baby," by a trained Nurse.

BABY BOULTON.
Reared on Neave's

Mrs. Boulton, of 178, Northbrook Street, Prince's Avenue, Liverpool, writes: "Our little girl was awarded First Prize, Gold Medal, and Diploma, at the Baby Show at St. George's Hall, out of a huge number of competitors. The examination was most rigidly carried out by *five eminent physicians*, and they were unanimous in their decision as to her splendid physique and perfect state of health. One of the judges said she was beautifully perfect,' which is a great tribute to the value of Neave's Food as a builder-up of healthy babies. She has never had a single day's illness, and has cut her teeth without the slightest trouble.

OLDEST—Over Ninety years' reputation. BEST—Used in the Russian imperial Nursery. CHEAPEST—though the best food, it costs less than any other.

Gold Medals London, 1900, 1906 & 1914. Also Paris.

Neave's Food

Sold everywhere in Tins and 4d Packets. The 1/- Tin contains 16 oz. net.

Read the following testimony from eminent Doctors of international reputation (names given on application):—

"I do not hesitate to endorse the evidence of my colleagues that Neave's Food is . . . *a valuable substitute* for mother's milk."

"As to the proportion of flesh-forming Albuminoids and bone-forming Salts, there *exists a proof of sufficient* between Neave's Food and mother's milk."

"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful."

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."

Send to-day for the Free Booklet & Sample

Enclose 2d. stamps for PART postage. Address "John Bull."

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE.

"HONOUR" AND PROFIT.

PRIVATE GRIEF AND PUBLIC GAIN.

A good many of our readers who have had the misfortune to lose relatives in the war will have been favoured with a communication from the Queenhithe Publishing Company, of Bread Street Hill, E.C., who have in hand a publication to be known as the "British Roll of Honour." It will be readily understood that many bereaved relatives, smarting with a sense of recent sorrow, are inclined to resent the commercial exploitation of their wounded affection by a firm who, to say the least, have not always evinced the greatest delicacy in their method of approach. By their insistence—we quote from a recent circular—that it is "our duty as well as our privilege to pay this Personal Tribute to the individual lives and deeds of as many of our dead heroes as possible," the Company are trading for private profit upon sentiments that should be sacred—and as long as they pursue these tactics they cannot hope to escape censure. By the way, we notice that in their latest circulars there is no mention of the price of the forthcoming publication beyond the vague statement that "the production of the book necessarily will be costly and only copies ordered will be printed." At the same time, relatives are invited to bespeak their copies, regardless apparently of the price which the publishers may ultimately decide to fix. There are many flaws in this honorific scheme—which looks as though it emanates from the brain of one who had had considerable experience in the "fame for cash" business.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."

GRIEVANCE OF THE LOWLAND SOLDIER.

In spite of many complaints and repeated protests from the Lowland Scots, men are being taken to fill the gaps in Irish regiments, and are being made to join English battalions. Why, it is indignantly asked, should Mr. Lloyd George promise that Welshmen and Irishmen should be sent into Welsh and Irish battalions, and a pledge be given that Highland regiments would not be recruited except from Scotland, and the same consideration be denied to the Lowlander? We do not deny that sentiment is at the bottom of it all, but fighting for the country is sentiment, after all. If the men of Ireland cannot and will not keep up the strength of their own regiments, then let their regiments be amalgamated. We agree with Lord Salvesen's protest at the meeting of the Association of Lowland Scots, that it is "grossly unfair that the fighting qualities of Scottish and English troops should be used to reflect an undeserved glory on a country that has not been merely unpatriotic, but openly and dangerously seditious." Irish soldiers have done splendidly in this war, but so have the Scots, and their desire to fight together and, if need be, die together, is a fine sentiment which should be respected by the War Office.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER SAC.

"I would esteem it a favour if you would give me some information concerning the following question:—'Is there any firm that packs rabbits alive into tins (one rabbit in each tin), then seal the tins up to prevent the air getting in, and still the rabbits remain alive until it comes into the consumer's hands, and as soon as the tins are opened and the air gets in, the rabbit dies instantly?'"

"I saw in your last week's JOHN BULL you wanted a man. Well, I apply for the job. I don't expect I shall get it but I thought there was no harm in applying. I could finish the war in a month on terms suitable to most people. As a side line I would bring a million acres of *uncultivated* land under wheat this next spring, and all I should need to accomplish this would be a penny note book and ½d. black-lead."

TEUTON CHEEK.

PITY THE POOR OLD HUNS.

For sheer clotted impudence, the Hun is hard to beat, and it seems that naturalisation effects little change in "the nature of the beast." For example, we find the Baron Bruno von Schroder, in conjunction with Messrs. W. Muller and Bernhard Bruhlmann, issuing to the British charitable public an appeal for funds on behalf of the Libury Hall Farm Colony, Ware, Hertfordshire, an institution which before the war seems to have served as an asylum for exiles from the Fatherland who had fallen on evil times. Some part of this charitable work has, it appears, been permitted to continue, the Government having availed themselves of the Colony "as a place of internment for old and feeble men," and the presence of some 200 of these aged Germhuns is now made the pretext for a public appeal for funds. Personally, however, we strongly deprecate the suggestion that Britishers should be called upon to subscribe for the upkeep of an establishment of this kind. If Libury Hall is an internment camp in the ordinary sense of the term, the maintenance of its inmates should be a charge upon the Government, while if, as seems more probable, it is a home for aged Huns under German management, subject to loose Government control, then its upkeep should devolve upon the wealthy Germans, naturalised and otherwise, who in the past have been permitted to make fortunes at the expense of British traders. This, we are convinced, will be the general view, and we shall be surprised if this impudent appeal evokes any response except perhaps from one or two cocoa "nuts" and other crazy patrons of "Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress."

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 2nd 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 17,468 and A046,954. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHY A BRITISH SYNDICATE BOUGHT SANATOGEN.

Famous Nerve Food now absolutely British.

"SUBSTITUTES" ALL INFERIOR.

GREAT DEMAND for the GENUINE PRODUCT.

"I have for years used Sanatogen as a nerve-food," said Lord Rhondda, in a recent interview. "Since the war began I have tried various substitutes, but I have found none of them as good as Sanatogen. That is what first interested me in the matter.

"We have bought up the Sanatogen business (including Formamint and Albulactin, etc.), lock, stock, and barrel, as a going concern.

"The German element has been entirely eradicated, and the products are now absolutely British."

SANATOGEN A NATIONAL NECESSITY—"TO PRESERVE GOOD NERVES."

While the Sanatogen business was still under the control of the Board of Trade a member asked in the House of Commons, "Is Sanatogen a necessity to the country?"

"I believe it depends on whether we can manage to preserve good nerves," replied the Home Secretary, thereby indicating his knowledge of the fact that Sanatogen is universally recognised as the most efficient means of maintaining the nervous system in a healthy and vigorous condition.

The reason for this may be found in the following extracts from evidence given by a distinguished physician before a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF SANATOGEN'S VALUE.

Sir Henry Dalziel: "Have you any idea of the value of Sanatogen which you could give to the Committee?"

Medical Witness: "It is thought very highly of by medical men."

Mr. Lawson: "Sanatogen, of course, would be used by many when suffering from nervous disorders or depression?"

Medical Witness: "Yes. Its claims are more in the nature of a tonic-food than a medicine."

Mr. Charles Bathurst: "Most members of Parliament take it, I think?"

Medical Witness: "That shows it must be a valuable thing."

Sir Henry Dalziel: "Here is a paragraph I want to read to you. . . . . 'The medical testimony is overwhelming. No preparation in the world has ever received so many endorsements from doctors as Sanatogen, nearly sixteen thousand of them having written to the proprietors on the subject of its merits.'"

Medical Witness: "I am quite certain many doctors have written."

Sir Henry Dalziel: "That is an article which is recommended, at all events, by the medical profession."

Medical Witness: "Quite so . . . I may say, speaking perfectly frankly for myself, there are some proprietary remedies, not secret remedies, which I prefer to any preparations said to be the same thing. There is something about them, something in the method of preparation, not in their constituents, which makes them a superior article from the point of view of curing or relieving your patient."

Sanatogen is an outstanding example of the truth of this remark. It is not a "secret remedy"; its constituents have always been openly stated. But there is something about Sanatogen, something in the method of preparing it—that is to say, in the very difficult synthetic processes by which its ingredients are organically united to form a true chemical compound—which makes it utterly different from, and incomparably superior to, the multitude of imitation products "said to be the same thing."

WHAT SANATOGEN DOES.

Sanatogen, for instance, causes definite and measurable changes in the human organism—a marked improvement in general nutrition; in the replacement of wasted tissue; in the quantity and quality of the blood; in glandular and other visceral activities; in the phosphoric content of the nerve cells from which nervous energy is manufactured—in short, it produces a true and harmless stimulation of all vital processes which, under the physician's guidance, cannot but assist Nature to build up health and energy.

That Sanatogen does really produce these beneficial effects has again and again been demonstrated in medical and scientific literature, as authoritative as it is impartial. The facts are beyond dispute; and the average patient, guided solely by his own bodily sensations, has very soon realised that the imitation products were not "doing him good" to anything like the same extent that Sanatogen did, nor yielding him that gratifying sense of renewed health and vigour which is unmistakable when it is real.

FORMAMINT ALSO BRITISH.

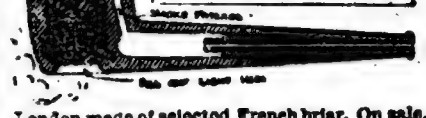
After Sanatogen, perhaps the best known product of the same firm is Formamint, "the germ-killing throat tablet."

Formamint alone has been proved to destroy harmful germs in the mouth and throat without injuring the body. It is thus a quick and convenient remedy for sore throat and kindred ailments; it also affords a large measure of protection against bacterial processes which arise in the oral cavity, and range from minor infections of the throat, mouth, and gums to dangerous diseases like Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc., including certain forms of Influenza and Consumption.

As soon as possible the preparations will receive new trade marked names which will be widely announced in the Press; there will then be no risk of confusion between "the real thing" and the host of imitation products. Meanwhile, the purchaser should see that the articles sold to him bear the old "Wulfing" labels, and should write to the new British Proprietors (12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.) if he has the slightest difficulty in obtaining them. The prices, by the way, will remain unchanged, despite a heavy increase in the cost of the ingredients; Sanatogen being sold in tins, from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d., and Formamint in bottles of 50 tablets at 2s 2d.—[ADVT.]

The Wyse Pipe

can be smoked on Active Service when all else is forbidden.



It burns from the bottom upwards, yet has the appearance of a high-class ordinary pipe. NO ASHES DROP OUT.

IT shows no BETRAYING LIGHT at night, also it is stormproof—even the heaviest rain and wind cannot put it out. Therefore, it is the wise gift to send to friends on Active Service.

A Dispatch Rider in France writes: "*The pipe is the only pipe for all wet here. You can ride against any wind, and there is no blowing out of tobacco, and no sparks. Also, it shows no glow like an ordinary pipe.*"

The roofed-in top of the "Wyse" Pipe not only ensures REAL PIPE-JOY in bad weather, but it safeguards the smoker against the attention of snipers.

Our Booklet explains many other exclusive advantages of the "WYSE" Pipe.

Satisfaction Guaranteed by "J.B."

London made of selected French briar. On sale, Selfridge's, Harrod's, Army & Navy Stores, or sent by insured post FREE. "Popular," 2/6; silver-mtd., 4/6. "Extra" finest grained French briar, 6/; silver-mtd., 7/6. Registered post abroad 4d. extra.

D. B. WYSE, 6, Gerrard Mansions, 22, Gerrard Street, LONDON, W.

Irish Depot: 29, Waring St. Belfast. Birmingham Depot: James St. John, 88, New St.

DON'T THINK THIS CARD IS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE LETTER I KNOW IS DUE.—IT'S JUST TO SHOW I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN—AND SOON WILL WRITE TO YOU

SEND HIM THE MEANS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

OF all Tommy's troubles the difficulty of keeping in touch with his relatives and friends is the one that causes him the most anxiety. You can help him in this difficulty if you enclose with each parcel you send him a few

Davis 1d. "Message" Postcards.

There's a Card to suit every occasion, whether he be grave or gay, and the simplicity of the wordings and the artistic harmony of the designs will bring "HIM" a refreshing reminder of the "home" conditions he has left behind. Ask your stationer to show you a full range of these cards. Nos. 508 544, 570 are particularly suitable for sending to the Soldier Boys. Look for this Trade Mark—

A. M. DAVIS & CO. QUALITY CARDS

11 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, EC

THE VERY LATEST

BADGE BROOCHES OF THE BRITISH NAVY & ARMY

A Remarkable Production. Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests.

Over 500 Designs are ready, and a completion of the Navy and Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments; also about 150 crests are ready of the Ships of H.M. Fleet.

Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free. Write for full particulars.

An unique production in Solid Silver, fine enamel finish (as illustration) 2/6
(*In velvet-lined box.*)
15-ct. Gold mounted on Bar... 42/-
9-ct. " " " ... 21/-
9-ct. " " on Safety Pin 12/6
Gilt Enamel " " " 1/-
(*Each enclosed in suitable case.*)
POST FREE ANYWHERE.

BOTLY & LEWIS, Manufacturing Jewellers, etc. (*Established a Century*).

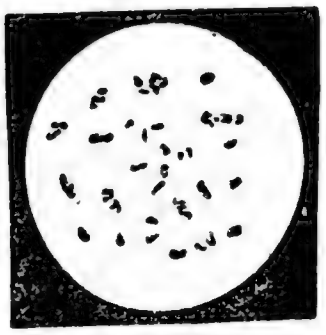
Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.

25, KING STREET, READING.

Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free. 'PHONE 172

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

This is a picture of your enemy——the Influenza Bacillus.



From an actual Micro-photograph of the Bacillus Influenzæ —magnified 1000 diameters— taken at the Rangoon Lab[illegible]

Bacteriologists to-day have enabled us to see and recognise many of the tiny organisms that make their attack on the human system by way of the mouth and throat.

To recognise our common enemy—to classify him—ascertain his habits and mode of attack—has been the aim of modern scientists; and in establishing precautions against these deadly micro-organisms leading scientists recommend the use of

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The effective *precautionary measure* against the Microbes of influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.

Every man and woman needs these handy, easily-taken Pastilles—not only as a *cure* for sore throat, catarrh, loss of voice, etc., but also as a sound and definite precaution against the myriads of deadly microbes encountered in the day's work.

TRENCH ODOURS: Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effect resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 per tin

Warning: See the raised bar.
Genuine Evans Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each Pastille—which is registered.

Post Free.

Order a box at once for yourself or your soldier or sailor friend in case of difficulty write to the Proprietors, enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the Pastilles will be sent direct by return.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ld.
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.
also at London & New York.

Q1/A

The Toy for your Boy.

ERECTOR is by far the best toy for your boy. It builds big models of great strength and almost infinite variety. It gives an outlet for the boy's energy, trains his imagination, keeps him busy with constructive work of practical value, teaches him the principles of construction and engineering.

Erector is the only constructional toy which makes square girders exactly like real structural steel. And just because it is scientifically sound

ERECTOR

is the toy he will enjoy the most.

To stimulate invention there is a Grand Competition with

Valuable Prizes

including real motor car, motor cycles, etc. Let your boy enter for the prizes. Give him an Erector this Christmas! You can see it at all the big stores and good toy shops.

Erector gives you more models for the money than any other toy. Here are a few sets and prices:

No. 0	has 98	parts,	makes 69	models,	2/6
1	„ 140	„	„ 88	„	5/0
2	„ 205	„	„ 120	„	10 0
3	„ 345	„	„ 176	„	15/0
*4	„ 571	„	„ 207	„	25/0
*5	„ 679	„	„ 229	„	37/6

* *In Oak Cabinet with motor.*
(Other Sets up to 125/-)

Accessory Sets.

If your boy already has an Erector, give him an Accessory Set. Each Accessory Set increases an Erector Outfit to the next larger size, increasing the number of models it makes.

Write to-day for Illustrated 24-page Booklet.

Coupon

To Mr. A. C. Gilbert, c/o Bedington, Liddiatt & Co., Ltd., 16-18, Bayer St., London, E.C.

Please tell me all about Erector and the valuable Prizes, including real Motor Car. Also send me illustrated 24-page Booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

S H.B.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

If there is one feature that distinguishes well-ordered boxing from any other form of sport it is the glorious spirit of optimism that it develops. There is not a Monday night at the National Sporting Club, or, indeed, any night at any place—Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, in Scotland, in all places and in any odd corner where men stand up and fight as men do—when there is not a complete and entire absence of the doldrums. Boxing makes you forget trials, tribulations and worries at home and at the Front. "Out there" there are more boxing gloves given full play by men once they are behind the lines than one would credit. The passion for boxing, or fighting, is singularly and gloriously British, else one could offer no explanation for this note which reached me from the Front on Monday: "Mr. Corri,—We have had a hell of a time, but now we are resting. Please, if you will, send a pair of boxing gloves. We might get rusty if you don't."

A FINE BOUT.

Well, the youngsters back in Blighty who were fortunate enough to see Curley Walker and Charlie Hardcastle witnessed a delightful combination of an old-fashioned mill and really scientific boxing. There are some folk who hold that a man who wields a sledge-hammer is to be preferred to the artist. If the hammer is brought down plump and in the right place it carries the day; but it is not always to be depended upon, as we saw in the Walker-Hardcastle affair, the best bout we have seen for many a long day. Walker won by methods which put him right in the front row of clever boxers, but he will, I am sure, confess that he was never called upon to crack a harder nut than Hardcastle, a Yorkshireman who for grit and bulldog pertinacity is the best type of Yorkshireman I have seen in London for years. You have met the fellow without imagination, without fine feelings, but with that fixity of purpose that takes him through a stone wall. Well, such a fellow is Hardcastle. He was hit hard and hit often; early he was more than a trifle groggy, but, the while, Oliver Twist-like, he asked for more, he forced himself upon Walker, and to the accompaniment of such speculation seldom witnessed these days, he came splendidly near winning when the odds were overwhelmingly heavy against him. We would all see more of Hardcastle. He is of the right stuff, and with a better and more intimate knowledge of boxing he should be one of the best men the coal-pits of Yorkshire have given to the Ring.

All fighters worthy of the name are chivalrous, big-hearted men who, when the fight is over, would walk round a fly. But kissing an opponent when you have been declared the winner does not smack of chivalry at all. Lately hugging and kissing at the end of a contest have become almost a fashion, and I loathe and detest it. It does not tell of sincerity, and I would that all managers made it known that the Ring is not the place suitable for such effusiveness as is common to Missus Jones's At Home in Suburbia. A good, honest, healthy handshake at the end of a bout is proper and good to see, but kissing—no. It is as ghastly as it is insincere. It hurts. So, boxers, please note.

So frequently do Welsh boxers appear in London and at other of the big towns that one is sometimes forced to believe that there are more professional pugilists in the Principality than in any other country. They are always bobbing up, most of them quite good. Just as Carpentier set the fashion to box in France, so has Jimmy Wilde fired the lads of his own particular countryside with an ambition to win fame in the "magic square." Some of the little chaps promise to do uncommonly well, but none is likely to come anywhere near approaching the astonishing Jimmy. The Bermondsey youth, Bob Cotton, stopped the all-conquering Charles, of Newport, the other night, and the Welsh stock has gone down appreciably. By the way, all the Welsh boys in the trenches remember "Dicky" Owen, for many years their country's half-back. Was there ever such a wonderful man since the brothers James? Well, I have had a good look at the Zulu Kid who is soon to make acquaintance with Jimmy Wilde, and no man so recalls to mind the immortal Owen as does the tiny, old-fashioned-looking young man from America.

TRUE SPORTSMEN.

I do not believe in making distinctions. They are oftener than not offensively invidious, but I can truly say that in a way the Liverpool Stadium stands by itself. The organisation behind it is well-nigh perfect; the place is controlled by rare sportsmen, and every night it opens its doors it is crowded. The last contest I refereed there, between Lewis Williams, one of Wilde's sparring partners, and young Ross, of Glasgow, was the best they had seen in the City on the Mersey for many moons. It was touch and go until the very end. Then Ross was the winner. Mr. Taylor, who is the Alpha and Omega of the Stadium, is doing wonderful work in staging the great game as it should be staged.

Boys of the Trenches, heard this? A particular platoon, made up mostly of boys from the East End, had done wonders in an attack against heavy odds. Upon their return the C.O., swelled with pride, addressed an especially keen young Yiddisher as follows:—"My man, you have indeed done miracles. I shall see you get the Victoria Cross."

"Yes, sir. I should like the Victoria Cross very vell, but vat ahbat Victoria Station? Vat a lovely varehouse for father."

A STRANGE XMAS NO.

"Town Topics" Produces a Notable Issue.

You have never bought *Town Topics* so you do not appreciate what this wonder-weekly is. You cannot appreciate a paper of this character if you pinch it from the free library or borrow it from the district nurse.

Town Topics is something between a Revue and the Rousseau's "Rights of Man." It is the one paper which is found in every officers' mess, every ward-room, every country house. It is published every Friday at 2d.

Next Friday (December 8th)

the price will be still twopence (pronounced "tuppenz," except in Ireland and Paris, where it is pronounced "fifty centimes"). BUT: What a paper!

Frankly

it will not be a Christmas number for children, conscientious objectors, or maiden aunts. *Town Topics* is "The Man's Paper." There will be neither Ghost Stories nor Parlour Games. There will be no

God bless the little drummer boy
Whene'er the cannons roar,
He's dreaming of the dear old home
That he will see no more.
The snow is lying on the ground,
He hears the church bells ring,
He dreams he hears his mother ask:
"The drumstick, or the wing?"

No—nothing of that, sir. Just good gripping reading matter that makes you stuff your pipe full of 'bacca and pull the chair up to the gas stove and say, "If any of you kids interrupt me till I've finished—Bing!"

There will be short stories, with that appeal in them which keeps strong men out of their beds till 3 a.m. to see if the Marquis really did strafe the beautiful typist, or whether it was the Rector's wife—little bits of stories just long enough to occupy a soldier's thought between a push and a barrage so to speak.

There are articles too—articles written entirely without respect for the aged men who control the policies of this country, without fear of the sinister influences which are always at work to nullify the works of patriotism.

You might do worse than buy *Town Topics* weekly; you cannot do better than sample the Christmas Number.

2d. READY ON FRIDAY. 2d.

"TOWN TOPICS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

On Sale at all Bookstalls

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON.—No. 12

THE SAILOR'S SOLACE.

Jack he waits in the Grey North Sea,
Dreaming of fights there are going to be.
And now and again you will hear him say:
"The beggars are funking a fight to-day.
"Shiver my timbers, I should feel blue
"If I hadn't a Crayol to pull me through."

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

One Crayol smoker says "the flavour is *it*"; another, "they smoke so cool and draw so easily"; another, "dependable—always same high quality"; yet another, "best value I know." And they are *all* right.

10 for 4d.

20 for 7½d.

P.C.B.—12

Sudden Death in a handy tin.

Hawley's I. K. is a new discovery—and **different.** It doesn't merely stupefy the beasts—doesn't send them to sleep for a few hours—but absolutely "Wipes out" all insect pests that cause "Tommy" as much trouble as the "Boche" himself does.

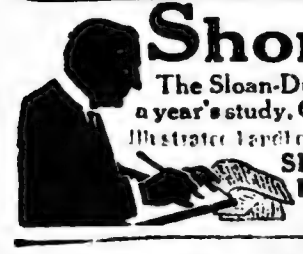
Send a tin to your Soldier Friend.

Don't forget to include a tin in the next parcel you send to your Soldier lad. Hawley's I.K. is just a fine, brown powder—no mess at all. Does not cause an unpleasant smell; easy to use, and put up in fine sprinkler tins.

HAWLEY'S I.K. Insect Killer

From Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Manufactured by Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.



Shorthand

The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study. Greatest speed record

Illustrated handbook with lesson &c., free.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN Headqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE.

Good mornin', Sir John! So you've come ashore, 'ave you, sir? I'm glad of it. Wot can I 'ave the pleasure of doin' for you? . . . *Shavin'?* Yessir. I'll 'ave you as clean as yore quarter-deck on Sunday mornin' before you can say "Arthur Balfour." . . . *W'y do I bring in thet gentleman's name?* Well, sir, it's in ev'rybody's mouth jest now, ain't it? We're all a-wonderin' wot 'e's goin' ter do. We 'ope 'e ain't a-goin' to spoil a good job now 'e's started it. 'E's brought you to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord, and about time, too. But wot's 'e goin' ter do about *'isself?* Is 'e goin' to offer 'isself a job of greater ease an' less responsibility, as some big bug sed on another occasion? It cert'n'y didn't look much like it w'en 'e sent Sir 'Enery Jackson to Greenwich 'Orspital. I reckon that's the job 'e oughter 'ave reserved for 'isself. Minyer, I ain't got nuthink to say against Arthur. 'E's a gentleman, an' I've orlways liked 'im. But on 'is own confession 'e's too old fur any post of fust-class importance, an' it seems ter me 'is want of energy 'as bin reflected in naval affairs fur some time parst. 'E's bin a bit too fond o' torkin' about wot the 'Uns'll git *if they does it again*—w'ich they promp'ly does, an' git nuthink worth mentionin'. Look at them Channel raids. An' then look at the blockade. It ain't 'arf as effectual yet as it might be. An' look at the U-boat piracy. *Thet* ain't bin prop'ly tackled yet. An' w'y not? The Navy's orl right. They've shown thet each time they've 'ad a charnce. But it looks to me as if Balfour ain't given the Navy orl the charnces it could do with. Now, wot *I* ses, sir, is this. Instead o' makin' you First Sea Lord, 'e should 'ave retired in yore favour, an' let you 'ave complete control of Naval affairs—policy as well as strategy. I reckon the Fleet's safe enough in Beatty's 'ands, an' yore's would then be free to work out, *an' carry out*, schemes fur givin' the 'Uns pertickler 'ell, an' no 'arf larks. The Germans ain't settin' still. They're certainly goin' to try an invasion before they throws up the sponge. That'll give the British Navy their charnce. An' I reckon you'll see as they takes it, sir. I don't fency you're the sorter man to tork about wot you intend doin', before you do it, like Arthur, so yore silence don't worry me a little bit, sir. There's on'y one thing that'll please me more then your noo appointment, Sir John, an' thet is to 'ear that pore ole Arthur 'as decided to take a complete rest an' leave the ole affair in yore 'ands, sir. . . . Thank you, sir. Much obliged, I'm shore. *Good* mornin', sir, an' good luck!

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Big fields were seen out at Windsor, and as usual at the beginning of the jumping season, backers managed to hold their own very comfortably. Mr. Whitaker has got his horses to hand early, and in taking the biggest race on each day with Templedowney and Archiestown respectively he certainly made an auspicious start, though apparently Archiestown was not in the least expected. Several good novices were seen out, and of these I shall expect to see Hare Hill and Molly's Birthday soon scoring in good company. Each of these was short of a few good gallops, but showed facility in jumping, Hare Hill taking his hurdles in particularly nice style. After Abakur's good display against Templedowney I shall hardly expect to see him competing in selling plate company again just yet, although he is entered for a race of this class at Newbury, which he could hardly miss.

Newbury is the feature for this week. There on Friday ABAKUR should win the Double Steeplechase (Class I.); SAXON the Juvenile Hurdle; COSHMA* the Theale Steeplechase, and PERIMAC the Open Steeplechase. On Saturday, Class II. of the Double Steeplechase should go to GREY LEG IV.; the Double Hurdle (Class I.) to TALUS, and the Lambourn Steeplechase to CARRIG PARK.*

The "SPECIAL," containing a full analysis of the Newbury programme, is now on sale and can be obtained at all bookstalls and newsagents, or may be ordered from the publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 6d. During the winter it will be published each Tuesday evening, and will reach subscribers by first post on Wednesday.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of *specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

E. H. BABY, 1, Henshaw Street, Stretford, Manchester. November 11th. 891,199.

E. G. HEATH, 77, Arundel Road, Gt. Yarmouth. November 11th. 829,943.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 2nd:—

032,541	330,693	629,017	915,804	A278,369
069,324	352,125	651,265	967,426	A285,623
086,103	389,866	672,680	982,374	A344,527
107,486	394,548	699,163	A014,761	A367,026
145,831	400,387	738,894	A077,502	A395,811
152,619	425,173	764,041	A100,083	A426,857
190,045	467,671	810,037	A138,636	A450,465
238,728	512,259	846,285	A166,137	A479,844
274,122	543,014	883,735	A192,752	A527,229
299,016	588,333	909,219	A234,274	A561,247

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Dec. 13th).

HAD YOURS YET?

IF NOT, DON'T DELAY.

THE JOHN BULL PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1 6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

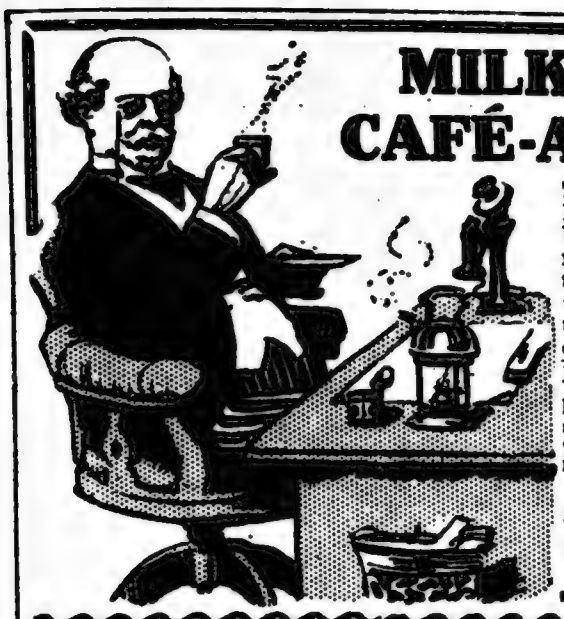
DE LUXE MODEL 1 - EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.

(Dec 9 1916.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib



MILKMAID CAFÉ-AU-LAIT

There's no finer stimulant for the worried business man—for the munition worker, or for the tired domestic woman than a cup of the delicious and economical beverage, Milkmaid Café-au-Lait.

Requires neither sugar nor milk—simply add boiling water and there it is—the finest coffee you ever tasted—and the cheapest.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores,
Cash price, 4d., 7d., and 1/1½ per tin.

Could Hardly Drag About.

Splendid Cure of Nervous Indigestion.

Mrs. Westwood.

Mrs. Westwood, of 55, Brewery Street, Handsworth Birmingham, says: "I had no appetite at all, and I was so weak that sometimes I could hardly drag about. Headaches troubled me incessantly. I had them for days in succession, and they were a lot worse than any ordinary headaches. Another thing was sleeplessness, and I was dreadfully nervous, too. I just wanted to shut myself in and be alone. I had no heart for anything, and felt as weak as a child.

"But at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of new life for me. I brightened up almost at once, and every day found me stronger and better. It was quite wonderful how rapidly I grew well, and now I can say my health is better than it has been for years."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Premature Decay
Brain Fag	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand Canada, Africa, and India

Prices: 1/-, 1/3 and 3/— the 3/- size being the most economical.

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box D R.21), Chester Road, Manchester.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Scientists evolve this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never blind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.
For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 35) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

Take advantage of expert advice and act

Dr. POGSON'S SKIN OINTMENT
For Eczema, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Pimples, Roughness, Etc.

Ch Matron of Military Hospital, Established by a well known Yorkish re Nobleman in his Pla[illegible] Lowe[illegible]es:
"*Please send further supply of Dr. Pogson's Skin Treatment as sent to Dr. W—— last week; we have found it very beneficial.*"
1s. 3d and 3s., at Taylors', Boots' or from Pogson Halton, Leeds. Mention *John Bull*.

HOW 16 HENS PAID THE RENT

is told in our new booklet on poultry, which will earn POUNDS for poultry-keepers. It tells all you need to know about fowls in order to make handsome profits. Sent FREE for postcard. Address:—KARSWOOD, 120, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

STEEL-LINED WALLET ADVT.

T. J. & J. SMITH, Ltd., of 26, Charterhouse Square, London, wish to state that their name and address should not have been printed in the advertisement regarding the Steel-Lined Wallet last week.

They are a Wholesale firm, and do not sell direct to the public.

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR-TIME OFFER to the Readers of "JOHN BULL"

Britain can't afford to wait for trained men and women. All must get ready now.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free.

Women are specially invited to apply, also soldiers, sailors, and all men exempt from military service. Simply cut out and post the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
251, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Business Training	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Book-Keeping	—Mechanical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shopkeeping	—Architecture & Building
—Advertising	—Illustrating & Designing
—Munition Work	—Marine Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Steam Engineering
—Gas Power Engineering	—Woodworking
—Motor Engineering	—Electric Lighting and Traction
—Industrial Chemistry	
—Careers for Men	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 4.

XMAS IS NEAR

What shall I send Him?

Cigarettes Direct from Factory to Soldiers at the Fronts by Post

Order **Z** **280**	WILLS' **WILD WOODBINE**	**3/3**
Order **V** **280**	WILLS' **GOLD FLAKE**	**5/-**
Order **T** **500**	PLAYER'S **NAVY CUT**	**8/6**
Order **U** **1000**	WILLS' **WILD WOODBINE**	**9/-**
Order **Q** **500**	WILLS' **THREE CASTLES**	**10/6**
Order **P** **1000**	WILLS' **GOLD FLAKE**	**15/-**
Order **O** **1000**	PLAYER'S **NAVY CUT**	**16/-**

We cannot accept Orders for Smaller Quantities than above.

CHRISTMAS CARD ENCLOSED WITH EACH PARCEL

ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE WHICH ENSURES QUICK DESPATCH

Orders may be handed to any Tobacconist or Posted direct to—

British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd. ***(Ex. Dept.)***

WESTMINSTER HOUSE, No. 7, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 2.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916*

Anti-Zeppelin Economy.

The windows of the Splott Road Military Hospital, Cardiff, have been painted a dark green colour to protect the building against Zeppelins. The precaution is a wise one, but could not the State afford a set of window blinds? We understood that light and sunshine were essential for the cure of patients, but the wards of the Splott Road Hospital are in the daytime almost as dark as the regimental black hole. We wonder the fact has not struck some of the Medical Officers.

A Cripples' Home.

The Kaiser would burst his sides with laughter if he paid a visit to a certain company of the M.T., A.S.C., stationed at Eltham. They include men who are thoroughly unfit, and most of them hobble about on sticks—two are blind and have to be lead about by their comrades. There are, unfortunately, many such men still unaccountably in the service, and we wonder if we are to regard them as England's last stand.

Waiting Welshmen.

We would ask the Adjutant of a certain battalion of the Welsh Regiment, now at "Kill-em" Park, why he disregards the Western Command Order granting men who have served 21 months a free warrant and six days furlough. All the other units in the camp enjoy the privilege, and there seems no reason why it should be withheld from the battalion in question.

Making Hospital Fodder.

At Barossa Barracks, Aldershot, there is a young private who was wounded at the Front and has a bullet still embedded near his spine. Any exertion causes him pain, and he was recently examined by a Travelling Medical Board, consisting of three Colonel-Surgeons and two Majors, who found him unfit and marked him for category C 2. Ten days later the battalion Medical Officer appears to have altered the category on his own account to A 3—which means that the lad will have to go through drill and training. Is the T.M.B. a farce, and are its conclusions to be over-ruled by junior officers?

A War Loan.

The men of a certain unit in a camp in England were paraded the other day and told by a sergeant that passes for leave were about to be issued. He pointed out that each man would receive 8s. ration allowance, and naively hinted that passes would be granted only to such of the men as invested the 8s. in the War Loan!

Another Broken Promise.

We understood that it was officially determined not to send back to the Front exchanged prisoners of war from Germany, and we are therefore surprised to receive letters from exchanged men who tell us that they are again under orders for France. We wonder what will happen to these soldiers if they fall into the hands of the Germans again. Possibly the War Department has overlooked this point.

For the Colonel's Ear.

According to regulations, men going on week-end leave are entitled to 48 hours clear. With the exception of the 3rd Battalion, East Surrey Regiment, all the units in a southern station are granted this 48 hours leave, but the battalion in question has to put up with leave from Saturday morning till Sunday mid-day. The Colonel might look into this genuine grievance.

Doing a Compulsory "Mike."

At Beckenham, Kent, and in other stations, we have thousands of men who were enlisted for motor transport duties. Day after day they kick their heels and eat their rations, but seldom see a motor lorry, much less drive one. If we are really short of munition workers, why not send these men back to civilian life, to give us a hand with our shells and guns until they are wanted for the work they are supposed to be employed at?

"Dry" Districts.

At Folkestone and other ports of embarkation there is a rule that officers and other ranks must not be supplied with any intoxicant within 24 hours of the time of their going on board. As a rule, officers do not belong to the drunken tribe; they respect their uniform and calling, and we consider it hard that they are debarred from having even a glass of beer with their luncheon or dinner.

Shivering Tommies.

In our representatives' wanderings through the camps they are often unpleasantly struck by the sight of thousands of men shivering in their billets and thus experiencing, unnecessarily, some of the discomforts of the trenches. In many cases no fuel is issued, and the poor wretches have to wear their great coats and roll themselves in their blankets to secure warmth. To add to their miseries, in some instances the crude billets are ruinous and the rain pours in. We quite understand why many of our men break down during training, and are sent home full of consumption or otherwise turned into physical wrecks.

The Yacht Patrol.

Round our coast we have a vast number of small craft crews who have been at sea practically for the last 27 months, during which time the naval barracks have been full of yacht patrol men drawing a weekly wage of £2 and upwards, and doing practically nothing. When will Mr. Balfour or somebody else see that the men who are now afloat are given a rest, and that the fellows who are enjoying a soft time in the naval barracks are sent out with the patrols?

Asking for Disaster.

The Board of Trade and the Admiralty have issued notices to shipowners to engage British officers in preference to aliens; but we regret to observe that in some cases the greedy shipowners—whose profits are already great enough—prefer the cheap and dangerous foreigner to the home-born man. We know of one armed ship, engaged carrying stores for the Government, that has a Swedish third officer on board! It is almost past belief—but fact it is.

The Lucky Lieutenant.

A certain ship is now lying at Malta refitting. Her boilers are out, and the vessel is practically in pieces and will be so for about three months. The crew made application for home leave, offering to pay half their fares, but were refused. The lieutenant, engineer and cook were luckier, making for "Blighty" on free passes. The former officer was the person who told the crew that they must stand by and could not get leave until the ship was three years in commission.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

"HARD UP" (Wandsworth).—You should obtain a Military Service Civil Liabilities form at the Post Office. Fill it in and take it to the Commissioner, who will have your case looked into.

H. O. (Portsea).—As a Marine rendered totally incapable of earning a livelihood, you are entitled to a pension of 25s. per week.

"TOMMY'S WIDOW" (Cable Street).—Being the widow of an N.C.O., Class 2, you should receive a pension of 14s. per week, with 5s. for your child.

"CORNSTALK" (Battersea).—According to Australian Regulations, when a soldier's widow re-marries her pension ceases.

"INCREASE" (Amersham).—You should see the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, whose name and address you will obtain at the Post Office. He will look into your claim for an additional pension.

"ROYAL MALTA ARTILLERY" (Southport).—The pension of a Qtr.M.Sgt. is from 10d. to 1s. 8d. a day, according to service.

"NA-POO" (Ascot).—I regret to say that you are not entitled to a pension in the present state of the law—which I hope to see altered.

P. W. D. (Ward Street).—You should obtain the form D1 at the Council House, Spring Gardens. Fill it in and claim the supplementary pension.

H. W. (Late E. L's.).—I wrote to Baker Street and found that your postal draft book was despatched on September 15th to the local Post Office. You not only removed from your old address without notifying the change, but failed to fill in your quarterly life certificate. I have had the matter settled for you.

J. M. N. (Dublin).—Read previous reply, which applies to you. The Baker Street officials are not clairvoyants or seers. I have had your case put right, and by now you will have received your draft book.

MRS. A. E. (Erith).—As you are receiving a separation allowance through your husband in the Navy, the cutting off of the separation allowance on behalf of your son is in order. You are entitled only to his allotment of 3s. 6d. a week.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. F. J. Boyce, 1881, Lewis Gun Section, R.F.; Pte. W. Welch, 21063, A Coy., R.S. Fusrs. Cpl. A. H. Moorhead, 5145, Australian Infantry; Pte. W. Page, 11326, A Coy., Devon Regt.; Rfn. J. Harrison, 3533, A Coy., 7 Section, 2 Platoon, South Lancs; Rfn. T. Hamblin, 9204, Rifle Brigade; Pte. E. C. Wallis, 14909, L.M.G.S. Leicester Regt.; Pte. B. Hallsworth, 21287, A Coy., Lincoln Regt.; Cpl. C. V. Walton, 15748, C Coy., Yorks Regt.; Pte. A. Booth, 5851, D Coy., 15 Platoon; Pte. R. Whybrow, 8264, C Coy., 9th Platoon, Lincs. Regt.; Rfn. J. Watson, 6604, A Coy., R.I Rifles; Pte W. D. Davie, 202, attd. 279 R.E. Railway; Rfn. S. H. V. King, 188, D Coy., 13th Platoon, City Rifles, London Rifle Brigade; Pte. W. Whelpdale, 8077, Dorset Regt.; Pte. E. G. Wells, 5747, D Coy., E. Kent Regt.; Pte. R. Buchanan, 4447, C Coy., A.I.F.; Pte. J. A. Barrie, 1213, B Coy., N.F.; Pte. R. Thompson, 16798, Somerset L.I.; Pte. H. B. Gibbs, 436011, Canadian Batt.; Rfn. A. C. Payne, 16659, K.R.R.C.; Rfn. W. Amey, 4795, B Coy., Queen's Westminster Rifles; Pte. A. Harman, 1018, R. Sussex Regt.; L.-Cpl. L. W. Smeeton, 11018, Notts and Derby Regt.; Pte. H. Ashley, 23852, K.S.L.I., attd. Welsh Regt.; Rfn. S. Fleishman, 23186, A Coy., K.R.R.

BODY VERMIN THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made vermin-free and vermin-proof in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and loathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says:—"Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."

Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by **Sole Makers,**

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Fatigue or Failure, *even though you do not know a note of music now.* I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of the ordinary mechanical, mindless practice can ever do. **I have done so for twelve years with invariable success.** Modern, scientific, intelligent methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting illustrated book.

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.** Give your full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and whether you are an Advanced, Moderate or Elementary Player, or an absolute Beginner.

H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House Holborn Via., London.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes (with the addition of lump sugar)

One Gallon Ginger Wine.

All who apply before December 31st will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children. We suggest you include a bottle in your next parcel to the front.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

When he arrived home the other day, discharged from the Army, a soldier found that his wife was in hospital unconscious after an operation. The three children at home were hungry, as the mother could not sign her separation allowance papers. In his distress the man came to us, and we provided the cash necessary to "carry on" until brighter days dawn for them.

A man in training became mentally deficient, and after being in an asylum was ultimately discharged without money. A few days after he returned home he was sent the usual small sum in lieu of a civilian suit, but this amount was soon swallowed up by household expenses. He is entitled to no pension and was in great distress when he came to Long Acre. We put him on his feet.

The little child of a soldier was run over and killed, and the cost of its burial swamped the finances of the mother. The father, therefore, wrote to us from the trenches, making an appeal on her behalf, to which we naturally readily responded.

A soldier's wife had a separation allowance of 12s. 6d. a week. Living with her was her husband's mother whom she supported out of that meagre sum. The elder woman became ill and died, and naturally the daughter-in-law was not able to bury her, but she was placed in that position immediately after she had laid particulars of her case before us.

We warn our readers and the secretaries of other funds against ex-private H. Thomson, No. 17255, late Royal Scots Fusiliers, who for some time has been on the cadge, and has by means of plausible and untruthful statements extracted various sums from the philanthropic. One of his yarns is that a letter containing money for him was stolen at a Rowton House; another is that a considerable amount is due to him by his Paymaster, and he cannot obtain it. When confronted by the police he admitted that the story about the letter was untrue, and we have evidence ourselves that nothing was ever due to him subsequent to the receipt of the money order. He is probably operating still, and we hope these few lines will put the kind-hearted friends of our discharged soldiers on their guard.

We receive many requests from soldiers in the trenches for tobacco, cigarettes, playing-cards, etc., which we cannot supply owing to lack of funds.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"Bunny Rabbit," 10s.; S. M., 2s. 6d.; C. C. (Lancaster), £1 1s.; "Colonial," 10s.; E. M. B. (Dover), 10s.; A. C. (Golder's Green), 1s.; G. C., 1s.; C. H. P. (Market Harborough), 5s.; J. S. (Chiswick), 1s.; Mrs. E. B., 6d.; W. J. (Nantyglo), 5s.; "Officers, W.O., S.-Sergeants and Sergeants, I.O.D. and A.O.C. Base, Mesopotamia," £3; "In Memory of F. P. P." 10s.; W. B. (Gorton), 3s. 6d.; H. R. (Durban), £1; C. H. (Battersea), 5s.; D. D. B. (Bournemouth), 5s.; N. C., 1s.; A. B. C. (Brockley), 5s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s. and clothing; "Birmingham," £1 1s.; H. J. E. (Bristol), 1s.; "An English Mother" (Southend), 2s.; M. W. (S. Africa), 2s. 6d.; Detachment 3rd Garr. Batln. K.L.H. and R.G.A. (Milford Haven), 6s.; K. P., 2s.; B. W., 4s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Vaurien," 1s.; "Anzac Cove," 10s.; R. McC., 10s.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "A Would-be Worker," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; E. J. H. (Gorleston), £1; "Tatsuno Maru," 10s.; "Sejanus," £1; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "44307, R.E.," 2s.; "Wandsworth Com." (clothing); Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short. Bros.' Aeroplane Works, £1 8s.; E. B., 4d.; A. T. (China), 5s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; T. W. M., 1s.; C. J., 2s.; E. R. H. (Hove), 1s.; A. L., 1s.; A. B. (Thuxton), 3s.; T. W., 1s.; L/Cpl. K., 1s. 6d.; Pte. C. H. L., 1s.; W. S., 6d.; F. W. K. (Leamington), 2s.; Pte. P. H. W., 3s.; J. D. (Teddington), £2 2s.; J. H. M. B., 5s.; R. W. R., 5s.; E. J. D., 1s.; T. W. H., £2; M. R. (Stockbridge), £1 1s.; J. D. A., 2s.; C. A., £1; "An Unfit," 2s. 6d.; J. W (nr. Preston), £1 16s.; "A Few Friends," Wanstead (per A. J. E.), 7s.; "One of the Original B.E.F.," 1s.; R. G. (Notts), 1s.; J. H. W. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; S. G., 4d.; J. P. F., 2s. 10d.; "Rail Work" (Sheerness), 1s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "An Uncle in Toledo," 2s. 1d.; E. P., 1s.; G. V. T. (Portsmouth), 10s.; "Betty Moore," 5s.; E. B. B., £1; "Campaigner," 6d.; H. E. D. (Dartford), 1s.; E. A. B., 2s.; E. H., 6d.; F. T., 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. C. Clark, 1, Rosebura Terrace, 3s. 3½d.

WEM (SALOP).—Miss M. Farthing, The Workhouse, 12s.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS.—Mrs. T. Philips, "Stoberry," Temple Street, 6s. 6d.

OUR CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us, during the Christmas season, to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. For the past two years, however, we have naturally given first consideration to those who are either directly or indirectly affected by the pressure of the present crisis; but there are many other hard cases.

Our system has been to apply the money entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to enjoy the food and fuel and other comforts in their own homes, with their families—as we are sure our readers desire.

We also appeal for left-off and unwanted clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas-time into the homes of the poor.

Every subscription and gift will be gratefully received, and acknowledged.

Subscription should be forwarded direct to our Offices, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., but all parcels of goods, etc., should be sent to the JOHN BULL Central Depot, 19, Moore Street, London, N.E.

Please help us.

"NERVE-RECONSTRUCTION"

Particulars of a Wonderful Product for the Nervous and the Weak, which is Now Being Prescribed by Thousands of Enlightened Doctors throughout Europe.

10,000 PACKAGES TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

"Nerve-Reconstruction" is the medical sensation of the day.

Over 4,000 people have testified that they have been cured of nerves by this method. Thousands more are benefiting under this new treatment. "Weak Nerves" have been made strong. Diminished vitality has been reinforced. Failing energies have been revitalised. In a word, they have completely regained their health, to no longer exhibit the slightest trace of the (often serious) nervous weakness.

This 4,000-fold health change for the better has been brought about by a marvellous new method of "Nerve-Reconstruction." **Everyone may now benefit from this method practically free of charge.**

What is "Nerve-Reconstruction"?

It is a system of rebuilding weak or disordered nerves by a scientific method.

Your nerves (including your brain) are responsible for every action of your body. Scientific research proves that these nerves are composed of millions of minute nerve-cells.

These nerve-cells, though infinitely small, are extremely voracious. They are little workers with big appetites. Their numbers are as the sands of the seashore.

Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerve-cells.

As these nerve-cells cannot move about, their food must be brought to them. They are like those strange inhabitants of the ocean depths which, fixed to some rocky recess, feed greedily upon the minute forms of life that float past them in the water.

The task of feeding this army of hungry nerve-cells is performed by the blood.

To feed these nerve-cells the blood extracts from the food you eat a certain essential nerve nutriment. This nerve nutriment is extracted in infinitesimal quantities from ordinary food, and reaches the nerve-cells in the form of Organic Phosphoric Substance. It is this element that keeps the nerve-cells "going"—when they get enough of it. When they don't get enough of it they become weak and disordered.

Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve-cells and restorable by the new method of Nerve Reconstruction. Read down this list. See if the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included. You can learn how to get rid of any of these troubles and regain your health by accepting the proffered seven days' trial supply of this great "Nerve-Reconstructing" method. Here are a few ailments due to Nerve-Cell-Starvation:—

- —Sleeplessness.
- —General Debility.
- —Pains in Back.
- —Inability to Concentrate your Mind.
- —Bad Memory.
- —Headache and Neuralgia.
- —Brain Fag.
- —Irritability.
- —Loss of Energy.
- —Dizziness.
- —Depression and Melancholia.
- —Lack of "Fire" and Vigour.
- —Excessive Shyness and Timidity.
- —Hysteria.
- —Anæmia.
- —Incipient Consumption.
- —Failing Vision.

All these are cured by the "Nerve-Reconstruction" method discovered by the great scientist, Dr. Muller.

DR. MULLER'S WONDERFUL FOOD.

Dr. Muller has discovered an exact counterpart of the natural nerve-nutrient supplied to healthy nerves.

Dr. Muller has rendered this Nerve-Food easily assimilable by the blood and nerves.

You take this Nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the latter straight to the semi-starved nerve-cells. These seize upon it as a half starved man seizes upon food. It gives them renewed strength, health, and vitality. Dr. Muller's wonderful Nerve-Nutrient nourishes the nerve-cells, reconstructs them, restores them to their normal activity. As a result your nervous system recovers from its exhaustion, and the nervous ailment or derangement from which you have been suffering is banished.

SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL SUPPLY 6d.

WRITE TO-DAY.

Besides nourishing and rebuilding your nerves, Dr. Muller's Nutrient—

1. Enriches your blood.
2. Strengthens and increases the all-important corpuscles of the blood which defend your body against germs, and
3. Revitalises and makes better your whole system.

Little wonder then, that after taking Dr. Muller's Nutrient for a few days (as you can now for a week **practically free of charge**) you feel absolutely different, better, brighter, stronger, healthier, and more energetic, and more "vital" in every way.

MARVELLOUS CURATIVE EFFECT.

As stated above, over 4,000 people have already strengthened their nerves with this wonderful discovery.

One striking instance of its marvellous curative effect is the case of Miss A. Rushbridge, of 49, Clifford-street, Southampton.

This lady had suffered from nervous breakdown. For seven years she had been unable even to walk. Remedy after remedy failed. Yet a short course of Dr. Muller's Nutrient cured her weak nerves and muscles rapidly and completely.

"I am like the dead brought to life," writes Miss Rushbridge, "and can hardly give expression to the gratitude I feel for lost health restored once again."

Thousands say the same. They have been rescued from the depths of Nervous Breakdown, Loss of Energy, Melancholia, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, by this wonderful new method of "Nerve-Reconstruction" **you can now try for yourself free.**

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 special boxes of Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for six stamps. You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the box of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent to you. It will enable you to rebuild your nervous trouble, and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With this week's trial course of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent full directions for use, and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 535, The Muller Laboratories, 92, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' trial supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 92, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership. Price from 2/6 a Box, of all good Chemists.

SUPERIOR TO ALL NERVE FOODS IN "POWDER" FORM.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 2.

Cigarettes for Men at the Front

Doctors say cheap cigarettes are bad for our soldiers and sailors. Why not send *your* friend the very best —"De Reszke's"—*he's surely worthy of them.* Buy them yourself and post them yourself—then you *know* they must reach him safely

Sold Everywhere.

How I Darkened My Grey Hair

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe which is as follows to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—(ADVT.)

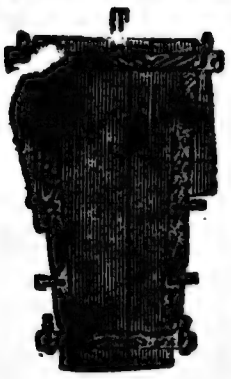
IVELCON

A Perfect Beef-Cup for

One Penny. Made in a Moment.

No advance in Price

PORTABLE CREASER & STRETCHER.



A MOST SERVICEABLE GIFT.

"Just as effective as the heavier patterns."
Land and Water.

The "ALPHA" (Patent) PORTABLE Trouser Press **5/-**

Post Free in U.K.: France 6d extra. Easily and rapidly fixed and removed. Stores in Wardrobe when in use.

Weighs only 20 ozs., and when packed measures 3½ ins. x 3 ins. x 2 ins. Can be tucked into corner of Suit Case.

Cross your Cheque or P.O. "London City & Midland Bank."

MAY & CO. (Dept. 41) 3, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

REMOVE STAINS FROM FINE LINEN THIS WAY.

MANY a girl has "cried her eyes out" over what she calls the "Ruin" of a dainty bit of lingerie or a charming blouse, by the iron, mould stain contracted, in some mysterious way, in the laundry, or during the simple process of home washing. All such tears are now wasted. A few drops of Moovol, squeezed from a sixpenny or shilling tube (purchasable from any chemist), remove all the trouble in next to no time. A smear of Moovol and iron-mould, fruit stain, wine or tea stain vanishes entirely, and the fabric is left uninjured. Moovol contains no salts of lemon nor other injurious or poisonous compound. It is perfectly harmless to the skin, and may with the greatest advantage be added in very small quantity to the water in which "hankies" or collars are being rinsed. A thimbleful is sufficient for this purpose.

Any Store or Chemist will supply it, or you can get a shilling tube direct for 1s. 2d. *post free from*

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., BOLTON.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

G. H. H. (Barnes).—The business of the *Times* is its own. JOHN BULL now spends about £50,000 a year extra owing to the increase in the price of paper, but we have not raised *our* price.

"WELSH SKIPPER" (Roath).—It is not disputed that there are difficulties in the way of arming British merchantmen, but wasn't it Epictetus who said that difficulties exist to show what men are made of?

"ENGLISHMAN" (London).—"Send out the Fiery Cross. Let it blaze from Cornwall to the Shetlands." Wait and see. Asquith has authorised those great statesmen, Samuel, Tennant, Cecil and McKinnon Wood to carry it.

"ANXIOUS" (London).—The war will get worse before it gets better. The Ministry evidently think wars are won by spraying the enemy with rose water.

"JASPER" (Brixton).—The attitude of the Allies towards King Inconstantine of Greece is probably affected and limited by royal connections elsewhere. One thing, he once saved the present Czar of Russia's life.

"FOUR TOMMIES" (—— Hospital).—The employment of Germhun prisoners of war in this country must be regarded from the view point of shortage of labour. If we had our way, we'd make 'em work like niggers.

G. H. G. (Savage Club, W.C.).—Afraid we must economise our "wonderful eloquence," else we shall have no wind left for the shouts of victory.

P. T. (Southampton).—Thanks for your interesting cutting from a newspaper dated November, 1005. Even earlier, we were ourselves guilty of similar "disgraceful utterances," now recognised as inspired prophecies.

W. J. P. (Govilon, Mon.).—We share your indignation at the fine imposed by the Crickhowell Magistrates upon a woman "whose husband has died from wounds received at the Front" for neglecting to send her child a three miles' journey to school. The case seems to call for further inquiry.

"DEXTER" (Stratford, E.).—Thanks for sending us so many documents "to prove the truth of our words." Generally speaking, however, the veracity of our comments is self-evident.

"FILMS" tells us that the Sowerby Bridge Magistrates, including three parsons, refused permission for a Sunday concert to provide funds for Yorkshiremen imprisoned in Germany, but granted permission for a Sunday concert at the same hall for the benefit of the local Labour Party.

V. N. (Belgian Front).—In your regiment are "three negroes, one promoted to Corporal, happy to fight for the country that gave them freedom." Glad to hear it.

"BROGUES" (Govan).—A man who lost his arm at Festubert has just been twice officially called up to report at the Recruiting Office in Glasgow! He should go, and get his 2s. 9d.

"READER OF J. B."—"Is it true that a certain Scottish marquis pays his head ploughman (married, four children) as much as 15s. per week?" If so, his Scottish lordship should curb such riotous extravagance.

H. C. B. (London, N.) tells us that "soldiers in the Manchester Royal Infirmary must not speak between 8 a.m. and mid-day, nor may they get out of bed—except on Sundays, when they may go to Church." Certainly such rules should be scrapped.

"REGULAR READER" (Smithfield Market).—"Pork being so dear, Government has issued orders at Gosport that pork is only to be issued to German prisoners." If it is the truth, the truth is wicked.

"ALL THE BOYS."—The lady said, "All the gentlemen are at the front," as a quiet rebuke to the wrong 'uns. All who have been, or are going, there are included among the gentlemen. "The Front" is wherever a man's duty calls him.

"ANONYMOUS."—Men "who have given many years of their lives to Y.M.C.A. work are now being called up for the Army." Why not? "I am sure Tommy does not like it." Do not be too sure about that.

M. D. (Bath).—We have already advocated capable women cooks for soldiers' messes, to save waste and for Tommy's tummy's sake.

J. W. R. (Queensland).—Delighted to see your *Daily Record* wishes "to goodness we had a few more men of JOHN BULL's type in power in England." Hope that wish will soon be gratified.

"TRUTHFUL" (London).—We can see no difference. Fit parsons of military age are recognised by the Government as Conscientious Objectors. They are not even conscripted as volunteers, special police, or boy scouts.

"DONE A BIT" (Darlington) thinks the suggestion of the politicians that blacks should be brought into the British labour market "disgraceful." As we have already said, we are afraid there would be trouble.

R. H. C. (W.C.).—"If officers, not being professional soldiers, are retained in the service and allowed to swagger in uniform, why are Tommies discharged as unfit without the means of subsistence?" Try us with another one.

"PESSIMIST" (London).—"Unless things mend we must lose the war; as things are going, we cannot win it." Sir William Robertson's opinion must also be considered.

"REGENT" (Lancs).—"Conscript the wealth of the country or take 90 per cent. of the war profits." Sh! You'll shock the millionaires.

"SKIRO" (Pilsley).—Thanks for your thanks for our "very nice letter." We are nothing if not polite.

"EGLISE" (Croydon) says it has become quite common for the clergy to make sermons about JOHN BULL. Quite so, bless 'em.

"DISGUSTED" (Perrawell).—"Why is it that men over military age are refused when they apply for munitions work?" That's one of the mysteries from which we should like to lift the veil.

Mrs. L. (Blackburn).—Have no news of your long-lost friend Mr. Thomas, who once "lived in Padiham Lodging House."

"JACK ASHOLE" (Chatham), referring to our recent published wail of a Goodmayes wife, says: "If the lady is so jealous of girl conductresses will she try nursing soldiers, as there are plenty of cuddlesome chaps among them." But the lady is married.

H. B. (Nottingham).—As a co-operator, you naturally will not agree with our views on the taxation of co-operative trading profits. However, we heartily agree with our own.

"SCANDAL" (E.C.) complains of the food prices charged at the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street. He should make allowances, however. It is the tavern which some people like to believe was frequented by the only Johnson.

"WORRIED MOTHER" (Post Town) says that the Refuge Insurance Company do not pay a war bonus, and thinks "everybody ought to have a war bonus." At present, all everybody has got is a war onus.

J. H. D. (New Southgate).—The practical effect of Professor Bottomley's root stimulant appears to have been much exaggerated. No, he is *not* we.

S. R. (Hornsey).—If possible, we'll laugh at your telegram to Kaiser Bill, handed in at Hades, summoning him home at once, when we have more time. Very busy just now.

C. H. (Clapham) calls our attention to an ad. in the *Daily Mail* of Nov. 14th: "Wanted, young lady for dissecting." Some want, eh?

T. M. (Lydney).—"All naturalised Germhuns and Austrihuns should be forced down into the stoke-hole, as far in as would send their remains in smoke up the funnel." Your idea is powerful, but it ends in smoke.

C. H. (Wigan).—Let us hope that after the war the "unofficial" child may be less churlishly regarded. For the present, however, you have no legal remedy.

"TAFFY" (Aberystwyth).—We do not share your gloomy outlook. You seem to have got some of your green ink into your eyes.

A. R. (Hove).—First time we ever heard of anyone making a living by "cash bankruptcy," but you are doubtless speaking *ex hypothesi*, as they say in Bethnal Green.

"TWICE WOUNDED" (Sheffield).—We very warmly sympathise with your point of view, and are doing our best in the direction you name. Technically, however, there are valid objections to the use of "blood-red type."

W. H. (Weymouth).—We are shocked to hear that "Weymouth has the lowest birth rate in all England." Is it the air or the beer?

"MUNITION" (Eyam).—Sorry to hear you have had trouble with your licence since your husband was "sent to Sheffield as a substitution." No "dilution," we hope.

"A WEARER OF THE GOLD BRAID" (Scarborough).—We can imagine few offences more despicable than an assault upon a wounded soldier, and we agree that the Kendal pork butcher fined for such conduct got less than his deserts.

G. S. (Hove).—You are quite right. The name is Schneiders and Son and not Schneider and Co. Their works are at Durward Street, London, E., and it was not correct to speak of them as a Dutch firm. They are an old-established English house, of Dutch origin.

G. A. O. G. (Wick).—Thanks for the Control Board papers, which are full of interest. Verily the Liquor Restrictions are "no treat."

H. E. M. (Brighouse).—There are three ways, you report, of spending Sunday in Brighouse—"going to a place of worship, getting drunk, or staying in bed." Probably a smart man could manage a bit of each in turn.

P. A. S. (Montreal).—"Would it be asking you too much to publish the enclosed?" Not a bit, sonny, we shouldn't do it, that's all.

W. M. (Stockton-on-Tees).—"Keep your eye on this writer." Figuratively, our main optic is within an inch of his proboscis.

H. M. T. (Dumfries).—You seem quite upset because there are so few men hanged in Scotland. Why don't you volunteer for the scaffold, or, to save time, hang yourself?

"MERE MAN" (Brighton).—"The enclosed cutting caught my eye." Suppose that accounts for the greasy spot on it.

"THE BOYS IN BLUE."—"Who sends cartridges to the front passed by overlookers to be sent back again condemned?" If we knew, there'd be somebody condemned, besides cartridges.

G. L. N. (Avonmouth).—A picture postcard, bought in Brighton, published by "W. E.B., London, E.C.," was "Printed in Berlin." Funny how those "old stocks" last out!

A. M. D. (Hove).—Why send us some of your alleged poetry and mark it "not for publication"? We could have told you that.

W. A. (Edmonton).—"Some time ago you were advertising for 1864 pennies." Not guilty. "My son now has one; what can he do with it?" Give it to the dustman.

S. J. A. (Suffolk) takes exception to our recent cartoon, "The Farmer's Boy"—in which Mr. Frank Holland "takes off" the farmers' sons who obtain exemption, to live snugly on the land—sending us a photo of what he describes as "a few of our farmers' sons." The group depicts about 200 very smart lads attired in khaki, who are certainly a credit to any section of the community. On the other hand, we have received many communications from rural districts giving us concrete cases in which married labourers approaching their fortieth year, with large families, have been discharged in order that the "blue-eyed boy" might be kept at home.

"MONMOUTHSHIRE GIRL" congratulates us on the cartoon. She tells us that she is proud to say that her brothers joined up two years ago, but suggests that we should send an enlarged copy of the picture to the parish of Redwick, "where farmers' sons abound undisturbed by the local Tribunal."

P. L. S. (Ramsgate).—There is still time to send in for our world's record "Bullets" Competition. The closing date is Dec. 14th.

"ESPERANTO" (Barrow).—Your plea for a Universal, or Business, language is noted. Let all nations, speaking in unison, cry, "Down with the Boches!"

"BOMB, R.F.A." (Greece).—"I remember seeing that about a year ago, but I only saw it." That's cryptic; but we understand you when you say, "1914–16, and not out." May you carry out your bat, comrade!

"AN OLD READER TOO OLD TO FIGHT" (Gravesend).—Sorry your *nom de plume* has used up all the space we can spare you.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

TO STOP ANY RHEUMATIC PAINS IN TEN MINUTES

By Corp'l. JIM SULLIVAN,
Ex-Middleweight Champion.

Famous Physical Trainer Champion explains a permanent cure and tells how he keeps free from all Uric Acid Disorders, Backache, Kidney Trouble, etc.

Perspiration is always strong acidulous, and this probably explains why "sweating cures" so quickly limber stiff muscles and joints by always drawing acids or other pain-causing impurities out of the body. The heat also expands the blood vessels and thereby stimulates an increased flow of blood through the kidneys and other organs of filtration. This in turn washes sharp uric acid crystals out of constricted veins. But many readers will say they have no time for vapour baths or expensive spa treatments, so I shall explain a substitute which is even more effective. You can obtain at slight cost from any chemist about a half-pound of the common Reudel Bath Saltrates, a small handful of which dissolved in a hot bath will produce medicated and oxygenated curative water. Bathe in this and you will at once understand just why sufferers travel to the thermal bath springs famous since Roman days, *for the Saltrates contain exactly the same curative medicinal constituents found in the natural spring waters.* We cannot improve upon Nature's own methods in treating kidney trouble, backache and rheumatic tortures, gout, sciatica, lumbago, etc., but to enjoy a natural cure no one, rich or poor, need journey to a spa. The Saltrated baths do more good than a dozen "sweats," Turkish Baths, patent medicines, ointments, liniments or anything else. In especially severe cases, if you also wish to use an internal treatment to hasten a permanent cure, drink occasionally a level teaspoonful of refined *Alkia* Saltrates in a tumbler of water. This is a wonderfully rapid solvent and thorough eliminant of uric acid which even the worst cases of rheumatism cannot resist.—*Advert.*

"WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE"
through the "CITY LIFE"
simple system of instalment payments.
Booklet Free, from F.G.L./J.B.
City Life Assurance Co., Ltd.,
6, Paul Stree., London, E.C.

Foster Clarks

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d Soups

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept J B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

Your last chance!

1ST £1,000 "BULLETS" HUGE

2ND £250

3RD £100

10 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-

Last Week of our World's Record Xmas Offer!

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 216.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
TOMMY LIKES
MOST CHEERING WHEN
CHRISTMAS PUDDING
BEHIND THE SCENES
DRILLING SLACKER
CHANGING SOVEREIGN
WHY FOOD'S DEAR
MR. BALFOUR
WHEN COURTING
IN THE KITCHEN
PREACHING PEACE
STANDARD BREAD
SETTLING BILL
SEEING THE PICTURES
MOST UNLIKELY
A FISHY STORY
BARGAIN SALES
THE WEAKER SEX
BORROWING HABIT
TAKING THE PLEDGE
ON PARADE
LITTLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE
SWEET THINGS
CAUGHT NAPPING
STOUT AND BITTER
WHY MAID LEFT
CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR
ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR
ON THE STAGE
LOVE LETTERS
WHEN POLICEMAN'S WANTED
SELDOM WORKS
ALL THE RAGE
GERMAN SOLDIERS
WHAT FATHER HATES
BABY SHOWS
WHEN BUTCHER CALLS
BLUNT REFUSAL
THE KAISER'S WEAK SPOT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
SELDOM WORKS.
Bullet:—
OBTAINING LOAN WITHOUT SECURITY
Example:—
LOVE LETTERS.
Bullet:—
SAFEST WHEN TYPED.

Competitor may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 30th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated December 9th.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(216) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 216. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(216) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. or 1s. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

TWELVE THOUSAND "BULLETS" CHRISTMAS PRIZES VALUE OVER £3,000 THIS WEEK.

Your last chance!

CHRISTMAS OFFER!

£1000

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	6,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

£250	1ST
£100	2ND
	3RD

12,000 Prizes value over £3,000!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(216) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 216. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(216) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

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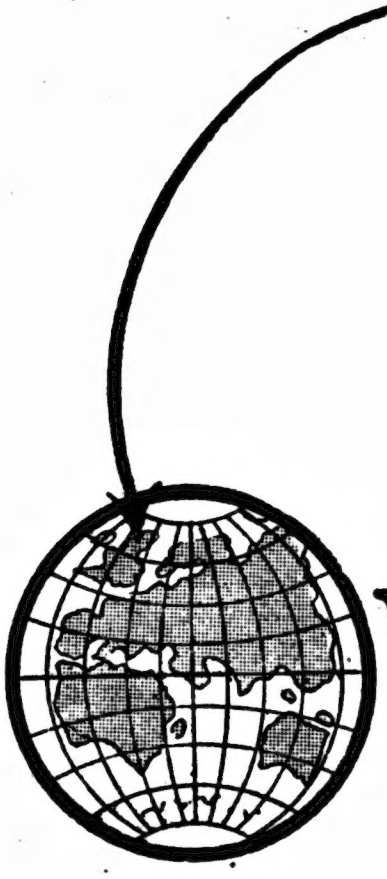
BRITISH



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